

POEMS *of the* SOUTH  
AND OTHER VERSE



*By*  
COLONEL WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER



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**POEMS OF THE SOUTH**  
**AND**  
**OTHER VERSE**







COLONEL WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.



# POEMS OF THE SOUTH

AND

## OTHER VERSE

BY

Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher

OF THE

OLD SOUTH



INTRODUCTION

BY

OPIE READ



CHICAGO

DAVID B. CLARKSON CO.

1911

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## DEDICATION

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*To the sanctified soul of the Old South; its culture and refinement; its chivalry and its tenderness, the verses of this volume are lovingly dedicated by him who wrote them from a heart filled with fond memories, affection and gratitude.*

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.





## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The publishers' purpose in issuing this volume is to gather into convenient form the verse that Colonel Visscher has written and cared to preserve, during a long and busy life. Many of these poems have been published heretofore in smaller volumes that will now be withdrawn, and others have appeared in magazines and other publications of general circulation. The present collection is complete as the poet desires it to be, and has been revised by him for the elimination of such errors as repeated copying inadvertently produces. Much of Colonel Visscher's verse is of the South, the land of his nativity that he loves most ardently.

Visscher's verses have the true ring of poetry, and eminent critics have declared that in the years to come his name will stand side by side with those of our greatest American poets. It is proper, therefore, that this complete edition of his poetical writings be made while there is an opportunity for a thorough revision, that the verses may go down to posterity in the form that he wrote them.

The chivalric men and gentle women of the Old South are passing away rapidly, and it will not be long until all that will remain of their distinctively American social life will be what they have left future generations in legend, story and poesy. Colonel Visscher is preeminently of the Old South, and in this volume he leaves to posterity a wealth of Southern song, sung in memory of the olden days, that will come as a perfume-laden zephyr to those who still remain, and as a sacred heritage to those of the new and coming generations.

For half a century Colonel Visscher has been so prominently before the American people as journalist, author, poet, actor and lecturer that he is known well throughout every part of our country. However, a brief biographical sketch may not be out of place.

William Lightfoot Visscher was born in Owingsville, Ky., November 25, 1842. He is related to many of the most prominent families of the Old South, among them being the Lightfoots, the Maurys, the Frys, the La Fontaines and the Walkers. He was educated at the University of Louisville, graduating in the law department at the head of his class.

Although a mere youth at the time of the Civil War, he went to the front and served faithfully throughout that struggle. At the close of the war, he sought employment on the Louisville Journal, now the Louisville Courier-Journal, then edited by George D. Prentice, and was engaged as amanuensis for Mr. Prentice, the latter being a victim of what is commonly known as writer's cramp. Mr. Prentice was the keenest paragrapher of his time, a wit, humorist and philosopher, and a poet of rare excellence. It was under him that Colonel Visscher received the training that has made his work rich in results. When he left the Journal he went out into the world, not only a well trained journalist, but a humorist and a poet.

Leaving the Journal he continued in newspaper work throughout the West, and finally founded a big newspaper on the Pacific Coast. This he man-

aged successfully until more purely literary work and the lecture platform lured him away. Since then his verse and stories have appeared regularly in the leading periodical publications, and he has several successful novels to his credit. He has exceptionally great histrionic ability, and not only has he been heard on the platform throughout the length and breadth of our land, but he has played important parts in many successful dramatic productions.

Colonel Visscher is one of the most versatile men of the age, and the wonder is that he is equally good in all he undertakes to do. He does not grow old, except in years. Physically he is almost as sprightly as a schoolboy, and mentally he is as young and jovial as fifty years ago.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to have as many friends as Colonel Visscher has, and it is doubtful if there is another man in America who enjoys an intimate friendship with as many persons whose names appear in the list of "Who's Who." Wherever he goes the sterling merit of his nature, the kindness of his chivalric heart, the courtliness of the gentleman of the old school, the warm hand clasp, the kindly smile, the radiance of his humor, and the gentleness of his poetic fervor, draw all to him in a way that melts into a friendship that endures.

The publishers take pleasure in giving the public this volume of his collected verse, in the belief that lovers of good verse will welcome it as a rich addition to our poetic literature.

THE PUBLISHERS.





## INTRODUCTION

The Anglo Saxon is the colonizer of the world. His axe and his rifle, his moral precepts and his Bible, turn the wilderness into a self-sustaining commonwealth. Out of his industry comes the science of physical advancement, and out of his love for the great and sonorous words of Job, arises an oratory whose rugged fervor makes, in comparison, the polished philippic of the Greek seem cold and almost meaningless. A Greek oration, worked upon month after month, stands forth as a piece of statuary, chaste, flawless. It challenged the eye, the artistic sense. In Hampden's parliament a speech, spurred out by passion, the love of liberty, was crude as to form, but as warm and as living as the beat of a heart in distress. With the Greek, oratory was an art; with the Anglo Saxon, it was a passion. With the Italian, religion was a resplendent ceremony; with the Anglo Saxon it was a writhing of the soul. And this same difference is to be found in the poetry of the two ages, the ancient and the modern. One is an eternal strife to express form, the other, a never ending cry of the heart. The Anglo American inherited his religion and his poetry. The Elizabethan sap flows downward into Massachusetts, Kentucky. In one it has all the sombreness of its source; in the other, all the humor of that rollicking age, for Jonson, Greene, Shakespeare, wept; but some of their tears were tears of delight.

The Southern States, inheriting a Wesley and a Whitefield, caught English oratory in all its intensity, but drew from the fountainhead only a small degree of poetry. The inheritance was strong for a drift but not powerful enough for the current of a main channel. Hence the Old South was oratorical rather than poetic, the fervent expansion of conviction rather than close-gathered sentiment. Even after the war no poet arose to chant a deathless ode to desolation. It was still the orator, a Brady's passion tearing its way through the cold and indifferent atmosphere of the East. But the songs of the broader South were to be sung, and by a poet from the throbbing land of Marshall, of Meniffee and of Clay, a land where the grass waves blue in the golden air of noon, where the South's own fun-loving bird in mad minstrelsy of joy pours forth in sweet mockery the song that every bird has sung, feathered Shakespeare, singing every hymn to stir it into the melting pot of his own glory. Out of this land came Visscher, the poet, with no absorbing lyre, songs caught from other singers, but melodied of himself and harmonied by nature's tunes that in hon-eyed blossoms lie hid and hushed till some loving hand doth pluck them forth.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have not set myself to the mental task of a critical review of Visscher's work, but essay to loll in appreciation of his music and his sentiment. He is not, however, all music, all sentiment; for in him you will find the gnarls of truth and the taut-stretched cables of life's philosophy. The banjo does not ring accompaniment to all he sings, but to his mighty chant

"Battle," cannon bawls out its thunderous flame. Lord, how many poets have written of camps, the panoply of war, poets of the peaceful dell, of the drawing-room—versifiers who better know how to feed a sheep than load a gun. And they may tell you about a battle, and tell you glowingly with music in their words. But Visscher leads you, shoves you headlong into the fight, into your ear shouts the word of command, makes you to breathe smoke. And when the guns are hushed, you help to bury the dead. I do not believe that in any tongue is there a war memory so tense and with so heart-easing a close as "The Dove." And that soft coo will live, old man, when all the forced eagle screams are hushed.

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome this repository of song. In Visscher we acknowledge the poet, not alone of the South, the West, but true singer of all nature's vibrant and ever-living song.

*Opie Read.*





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## PROEM.

*In the evening of a lifetime,  
While the shadows, growing long,  
Fall eastward, and the gloaming  
Brings the spell of vesper song,  
Fond memory turns backward  
To the bright light of the day,  
Where joys, like troops of fairies,  
Gaily dance along the way,  
Full-armed with mirth and music,  
Driving skirmishers of care  
Howling, back into the forest,  
And their dark, uncanny lair.*

*So the pastures of Kentucky,  
And the fields of Tennessee,  
The bloom of all the Southland  
And the old-time melody;  
The vales, and streams, and mountains;  
The bay of trailing hounds;  
The neigh of blooded horses  
And the farm-yard's cheery sounds;  
The smiles of wholesome women  
And the hail of hearty men,  
Come sweeping back, in fancy,  
And, behold, I'm young again.*





# SONGS OF THE SOUTH

---

## KENTUCKY.

From where Big Sandy tumbles down  
Its sources in the mountains  
Of West Virginia, and is fed  
By crystal brooks and fountains,  
Until it joins the graceful sweep  
Of broad Ohio's waters,  
That wash the strong and shapely feet  
Of three beloved daughters  
Of fair Columbia, and join  
The great and murky river,  
That sweeps old Tennessee's rich banks,  
Where water lilies quiver,  
I love you, dear Kentucky.

I love your woods and verdant hills,  
And every stream and farm-land,  
For to your sons, dear mother state,  
Your every rood's a charm-land;  
No fairer women in the world,  
Nor braver men are living,  
To bless the places whence they go  
Than those that you are giving,  
And for your strong and loving ways,  
Your happy homes and graces,  
Your sons are zealous that your name

Shall hold the highest places,  
And love you, dear Kentucky.

Oh, may you live ten thousand years  
In all your strength and beauty,  
And may your sons cling close to you  
In loyal love and duty;  
And may your fields be ever fair  
And all your sorrows lightest,  
While all your joys shall grow apace,  
The sweetest and the brightest;  
May Peace and Plenty live with you,  
Through all the coming ages,  
And ever pure your history be  
In all its shining pages,  
As our love, Kentucky.

---

### TEXAS.

Empire is thine, vast, wide and strong;  
Land of heroes, sun and song;  
Your history is an epic and a glory.  
From surging sea across the plain,  
Far to the West, you hold domain,  
And honor lights thy brilliant story—  
Proud Texas.

By deeds of true and gallant men,  
Thy place was won, and in the ken  
Of all the world, thy star is highest, brightest.  
A sovereign state, you fought the way,  
From out a dark and threatening day.  
To where the skies are bluest, purest, lightest—  
Brave Texas.

Vast empire at the Southern gates;  
Regal amid the radiant states,  
And crowned by progress, commerce and success,  
Thou reignest, royal, mighty one,  
Beneath eternal summer's sun,  
And in the balmiest breezes' soft caress—  
Queen Texas.

Houston and Austin are thine own;  
Men greater than the proudest throne  
May ever boast, except in pomp and flourish.  
Crockett, Bowie and the Alamo,  
And Travis, in thy story glow,  
And many such, thy records fondly cherish,  
Free Texas.

Bright and glorious, from afar,  
Lighting thy way, the one Lone Star.  
From out thy clear, blue sky is splendent shin-  
ing,  
And all thy sons will sing thy song,  
In accent high, and bold, and strong,  
Their wreaths of love about thee ever twining,  
Dear Texas.

---

### SONGS OF LONG AGO.

List to the song of the old-time South,  
Come like a ghost tonight,  
'Rayed in the bloom of the dear loved land,  
And in a gown of white.

A belle of the old-time strikes the keys,  
And melody is here,  
Clad in the songs of the dear old days,  
Remembered with a tear.

The days when men were gallant and true,  
In court and field and hall,  
When word of a friend was word of a host,  
And truth was all in all.

Dance, in the gray of the curtained room,  
Old melodies, and cast  
Your shadows 'long the ivory keys,  
Where she invokes the past.

Then glide away, as the light grows bright  
Within the blazing room,  
But leave the scent of your lilies here,  
And Memory's soft perfume.

---

#### WHEN THE CORN'S LAID BY.

Thar's lots er things I'm gwine ter do,  
When the corn's laid by ;  
I'll hunt the shade and hug it, too,  
When the corn's laid by.  
I'll set down by the crick an' fish,  
An' mebee I will git my wish,  
Thet one I know will come and say :  
"Now hain't it good to see the day  
When the corn's laid by?"

An' mebbe she will set by me,  
    When the corn's laid by,  
An' lean her head agin my knee,  
    When the corn's laid by,  
An' talk so mighty pert an' sweet  
Thet hit will be the finest treat—  
An' mebbe then, 'at she'll agree  
To what I axed—well, we will see,  
    When the corn's laid by.

Then mebbe she'll come home with me,  
    When the corn's laid by,  
An' live beneath the old roof-tree,  
    When the corn's laid by.  
In fact, I 'spect she'll be my wife  
To love an' cherish all my life,  
An' re'ly I could never ask  
A better or a sweeter task,  
    When the corn's laid by.

Yes, I will have a heap er fun,  
    When the corn's laid by;  
For then the rest of fall's begun,  
    When the corn's laid by.  
The work will jis be harvestin'  
An' fillin' every empty bin,  
To feed the folks, an' cattle, too,  
An' arm old Father Winter thoo,  
    When the corn's laid by.

Another thing I'm gwine to do,  
    When the corn's laid by;

I'm gwine ter lick that Hogan crew,  
    When the corn's laid by.  
Ef 'twarnt for losing, from the plow,  
A day—er mo'—I'd do it now,  
An' so I reckon I kin wait,  
For sholy hit woan be too late,  
    When the corn's laid by.

---

### MY OWN KENTUCKY GIRL.

Young Cupid's bow is modeled  
    By the curve of that sweet mouth,  
And her breath is like the perfume  
    Of the breezes from the south;  
Her hair is fair and golden,  
    And her eye is clear and blue;  
Her laugh is rippling, richest wine;  
    Her heart is fresh and true.

She comes to meet me, flying,  
    And her welcome's like the spring,  
With smiles and tears of gladness,  
    And she makes my old heart sing.  
'Tis light and life to meet her,  
    And there's chaste and perfect bliss  
When she lifts her face and gives me  
    A daughter's sweetest kiss.

Oh! how lovingly she leads me  
    Thro' old-time homestead halls,  
And halts where pictured faces

Of dead loved ones, on the walls  
Look down and smile upon us,  
And give their welcome, too,  
While 'cross my face the shadow flies  
Of grief that comes anew.

But come the days, and go the days,  
And we are happy there,  
For I love to watch those eyes of blue  
And kiss the sunny hair ;  
And I'm proud to see her spring upon  
Her mettled thoroughbred,  
And gallop through the woodlands,  
Where the blue-grass carpet's spread.

She is blithe and bright and winsome,  
But there will come a day  
When some lover of another kind  
Will spirit her away,  
By the spell that wins these dear ones—  
Aye, even such a pearl  
As this, my old heart's sweetheart ;  
My own Kentucky girl.

---

### IKE.

Ike's hat was made of plaited straw,  
An' 'peared a good size stack,  
Ez it flopped about his shoulders,  
An' meandered down his back ;  
His shirt was common fact'ry,

An' his britches was of jeans,  
An' him, a long an' ganglin' cuss,  
Jis outen of his teens.

I think it was, in common, 'lowed,  
Et Ike could hoe mo' cawn,  
An' worm an' top mo' 'backer,  
Fo' the blowin' of the hawn,  
En any man yan side the crick,  
Fur miles an' miles aroun',  
An' yit, you sildom seed him here,  
Er loafin' 'bout the town.

He never 'lowed whut he could do,  
But went an' done it fus,  
An' anyone could josh him, lots,  
An' not ezpect a muss.  
He was peaceful as er sack er oats,  
An' some was 'clined to say,  
He was light about the livah—  
Er sorter thater way.

'Twuz late along one summer time—  
We'd all laid by ow cawn—  
A lot of us was loafin' 'roun',  
An' some was sorter gone,  
On rock-en-rye, an' sich like truck,  
Fum outen Nagle's sto,'  
When a feller, jis 'bout six-foot-two,  
Comes stalkin' in the do'.

He wo' a pa'r er navy guns,  
En a knife, I think, er two,



An' he 'lowed a mighty heap er things,  
  'Bout all that he could do.  
Well, I kep' on a layin' back,  
  An' didn' aim to rise—  
I hadn' lost no fightin' man—  
  Eespeshly of his size.

The feller 'lowed he'd come out here  
  To run the place awhile,  
Then take the pootyiss gal and go,  
  Ez that was 'bout his style.  
He hadn' mo' than said it, good,  
  Tell Ike lit inter him,  
An' the wuss licked man I evah seed  
  Was that gun-loadened slim.

Ike swep' the flo' an' road with him,  
  An' thowed him crost some logs,  
Then tuck his guns, an' shot 'em off,  
  An' flung 'em to the hogs,  
En tuck his knives an' hacked the blades,  
  Tell they was only saws,  
An' sence that day, the word of Ike  
  Has ben ow statoot laws.

---

### A SONG FOR TENNESSEE.

A hundred years, dear Tennessee;  
  A hundred years and one,  
Among the sisterhood of states,  
  And duties nobly done;  
Yet never shone a brighter smile

Upon a fairer face  
Than thine, proud daughter of the South,  
Nor one of sweeter grace.

So here's to thee,  
Dear Tennessee,  
Far famed in song and story;  
And may you be  
Forever free,  
And clothed in love and glory.

A hundred years, dear Tennessee,  
Of honor, worth and truth;  
A hundred years, and you have grown  
In strength and rosy youth;  
The summers come and smiling go,  
And leave the gentle trace  
Of health and joy, and beauty's glow  
Upon thy wholesome face.

A hundred years, dear Tennessee,  
And may ten thousand more  
Bring all the wealth of happiness  
That they may have in store,  
To thee and thine, oh, lovely one!  
So shall thy children sing  
A psalm of praise, a song of love,  
And make thy mountains ring.

## WHEN BEN BRUSH WON THE DERBY.

No fairer, brighter, softer day,  
Had old Kentucky seen in May;  
The track was fast, the betting bold,  
And eager every three-year-old;  
The quarter stretch was packed, alive,  
By men, like bees within a hive;  
The grand stand seemed a vast bouquet  
Of handsome women, bright and gay,  
Of brilliant dress, and with the fair  
Were gallant men, beside them there,  
When Ben Brush won the Derby.

From far and near, on Churchill Downs,  
Had gathered folk from farms and towns  
From river craft and camp and fort  
To revel in the royal sport,  
Where, under saddle, spur and lash  
And flying like a lightning flash,  
The colts and fillies fought to win  
New glory for their breed and kin.  
Thus proudly came the game array,  
Upon that lovely day in May,  
When Ben Brush won the Derby.

A quarter back behind the string,  
The entries made their starting spring,  
High bred Ulysses at the pole—  
With hope to hold it to the goal—  
And then Ben Eder, Brush and all;  
But gallant Brush came near a fall,

When at the clang of starter's bell,  
The field went dashing down, pell mell;  
So First Mate set the rattling pace  
In that hot foot and famous race,  
    When Ben Brush won the Derby.

Ben Eder pushed young First Mate out,  
And from the stand a roaring shout  
Came from his partisans, and then  
The field was bunched behind brave Ben,  
Along the back stretch thus they flew—  
Ben Eder's distance barely grew—  
And so they reached the upper turn,  
With every rider bent to earn,  
With whip and spur, a better place,  
And yet it looked like Eder's race,  
    When Ben Brush won the Derby.

Around the turn, and down the home,  
The flyers came, all white with foam.  
By full three lengths or more ahead  
The two Bens bravely, madly sped,  
Ben Eder leading Brush a length,  
When, with a burst of speed and strength  
Ben Brush pressed forward at the close  
And 'neath the wire pushed his nose,  
Then from the crowd wild huzzas rose,  
Loud and alike, from friends and foes,  
    When Ben Brush won the Derby.

## THE RIFLE IN THE HALL.

From the days of Boone and Kenton,  
In "the Dark and Bloody Ground,"  
'To the days when homes and gardens  
In the blue-grass land abound;  
Since it sent its leaden messengers  
To bring the savage down,  
We have blest the good old rifle  
Of Kentucky and renown.

It is long, and grim, and rusty,  
And out of date its lock,  
And tarnished are the mountings  
In brass upon its stock,  
But we love the ancient weapon,  
Resting high against the wall;  
'That old Kentucky rifle,  
On the buckhorns in the hall.

By the date and letters graven  
On its butt, we understand  
That our grandsire was its master,  
And in his sturdy hand  
It cleared the way for progress,  
'Thro' many a savage fray,  
To where 'tis dumbly hanging  
On the buckhorns there today.

'Thro' trial and the wilderness,  
His faithful guard and guide,  
'Twas cherished by that hardy soul,  
And 'twas his boast and pride.

Now, 'mong the rich bequests he left  
The dearest of them all  
Is the long Kentucky rifle  
On the buckhorns in the hall.

---

## BALCAZAR.

His eye is dark and threatening,  
And kingly is his mien—  
He comes of a race of monarchs  
And his mother was a queen.  
His step is proud, his spirit high  
And he is strong and bold;  
Yet the gentlest hand may guide him  
As it did the knights of old.

His ancestors had been the friends  
Of noble lords and kings,  
And from the days of errantry  
Their fame the poet sings.  
In love and war, and in the chase,  
In castle, town and home,  
'Twas known before the Cæsars,  
Or a hierarch of Rome.

See where he stands and waits for me;  
Now glancing through the trees,  
And 'cross the verdant meadow lands,  
Whence comes the odor'd breeze  
That blows aslant his ebon hair—  
Good-bye; his call I heed,  
For he's my friend, that's well beloved—  
My gallant, high-bred steed.

## NEW GROUND.

The trees were girdled, long ago,  
Down in that woodland piece,  
That lay along between the creeks  
And joining Closser's lease.  
'Tis sad to see that gentle spring  
Brings now no foliage there,  
But leaves the trees in nakedness,  
Their long arms thin and bare.

The birds have flown, and far away  
In plaintive song they tell  
Of how, before the sounding ax,  
The old trees, groaning fell.  
The shady nooks of other days,  
The sun and glare have found,  
And men have come with fire and spike  
For clearing up the ground.

The trees are logs, the boughs are gone,  
In heaps the trunks now lie,  
And heaving, 'mid their drink and song,  
Log rollers vaunting vie;  
Young boys are burning heaps of brush;  
The log piles blaze, and bright  
The fires burn throughout the day  
And glare the sky at night.

The other fields are old and worn,  
Beneath the farmer's toil;  
The crops of many years have drained  
The nurture of the soil.

So thus the woods where you and I,  
As hoyden children played,  
Are gone, as have the happy days  
Within the sylvan shade.

---

### OUR CABIN.

It was early in November;  
Ah, the time I well remember!  
Tho' that was more than sixty years ago,  
When I came here with my honey,  
Blest with health but not with money,  
And I had my Old Virginia blood and brawn.

We'd a wagon-load of "plunder,"  
And a love that naught could sunder;  
To one another we were all the earth,  
And the changes time has brought us  
Have but only sweetly taught us  
That fidelity's its own and truest worth.

Oh! 'twas lovely in this valley  
When myself and darling Sally  
Camped on the banks of the clear and babbling  
stream  
And the forest, deep and olden,  
Tinted scarlet, green and golden,  
Sang vespers while we dreamed a happy dream.

Here I built my love a bower,  
Tho' its sweetest, fairest flower



Was the little wife who dwelt therein with me;  
And we wrought, with hope, together,  
In the bracing autumn weather,  
Buoyant and happy, ardent, young and free.

Then the forest, dark and hoary,  
Gave from 'mid its lusty glory  
The timbers for our little cabin here,  
And the neighbors came and "raised" it,  
Sweet Sally blessed and praised it,  
And no other home has ever seemed so dear.

With the years that have been flowing  
From the fount of time and going,  
The cabin home has grown with every day,  
And the sun is broadly streaming  
Where were forests, and the gleanings  
In the valley, is the harvest's proud array.

Much wealth has come to bless us  
And but little to distress us,  
And the house has grown to be a mansion fair;  
Still I find my mem'ry holding  
Apart, and fondly folding  
To itself, the cot I built for Sally there.

---

#### DOWN AT THE ROCKY SPRING.

A winding path that tumbled down  
A steep and grassy hill,  
Found, at the foot, a rocky spring

Where I have drunk my fill  
Of water pure and cold as that  
Of which the prophet wrote,  
When Israel drank, beside the rock,  
That good old Moses smote.

A little house of rough-hewn stone;  
A low and heavy door;  
A roof o'ergrown with greenest moss;  
Of solid rock the floor.  
I've shadowed old Aunt Easter there,  
And followed down the path,  
To find her busy, skimming milk,  
And met her feigned wrath,

"You little scamp; I know yo' tricks;  
You thinks you's fine as silk;  
I knows you comes er ha'ntin' 'roun'  
Fur some er dis yer milk.  
But you is gwinter miss yo' lick  
Dis time, I tells you now;  
Kase you ain't wuff yo' daily salt—  
Dat's what yo' many 'low."

But well I knew Aunt Easter's way;  
Her pretense, grim and stern—  
My time would come when she had filled  
The clean, old butter churn.  
"Come hyar! Dis milk is gwinter spile;  
Dar's heap too much today;  
But dis is jes' de las' you gits—  
You heah me, whut I say?"

So there I sit—across the sill—  
And quaff the goodly bowl;  
Aunt Easter's happy as the boy—  
God bless her dear old soul!  
Since then, full oft, I've sought the place,  
And plucked the mint that grew  
Along the branch, below the spring—  
And found it mixed with rue.

I've drank the rich and sparkling wines  
Of sunny France and Spain,  
And felt the splendid joys they bring;  
Their misery and pain.  
But no such healthful, hearty draught  
Will poet ever sing,  
As that Aunt Easter gave me, oft,  
Down at the rocky spring.

---

### MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I have come to the home of my childhood;  
Come back from the toil and the strife  
Of the roaring world back to the wildwood  
And rest in the evening of life.  
I came through the forest and farmland,  
And up thro' the roses, along  
By the banks of the lake of this charmland,  
And heard the free meadow-lark's song.

The lion-head, dull brazen knocker  
Is yet on the door of the hall;

Inside is the old-fashioned rocker,  
The dearest old chair of them all.  
I sit in its arms, that invite me,  
And gaze on a face that is fair;  
A face that smiles sweetly and brightly,  
And lovingly welcomes me there.

Oh, dark are the curls that are falling  
About the fair shoulders and face,  
And soft are the eyes that seem calling  
Her wandering boy to his place  
In the arms that so tenderly held him,  
In infancy's innocent days;  
Dear white arms, that never repelled him,  
Tho' ever so wayward his ways.

Oh, God! could I have my sweet mother  
Forever and ever with me,  
She, dearest of all—and another,  
Whose loved name shall nameless here be—  
My burden of life and its sorrow,  
Would sink in joy's fathomless sea,  
And bright would come shining each morrow,  
A blessing, dear Father, from Thee.

---

### THE OLD GRINDSTONE.

I'm glad the old thing's broken,  
And its bench is torn apart;  
When I was but a sapling  
Of a boy, it broke my heart.

There it lies, dismantled, ruined,  
And 'tis joy to see it prone,  
That instrument of torture,  
The old grindstone.

I stand upon its segments—  
Nearly buried where they lie—  
And memory of that anguish  
Brings a tear into my eye.  
I am glad the days of sorrow,  
That it brought to me, have flown,  
And I can stand and stamp upon  
The old grindstone.

So many days in summer,  
When the fish were biting fine,  
I've yearned to tantalize them  
With my brand-new hook and line,  
But had to work the handle  
Until wearied to the bone,  
And turn, till I was dizzy,  
The old grindstone.

At noontime, in the haying  
When the dark and grassy shade  
Was cooling and inviting,  
I have felt my color fade  
When father, or big brother,  
Would call in gruffest tone:  
"Come here, you scamp, and turn awhile  
The old grindstone!"

I've made it whizz and wobble  
Till the blade it ground would ring;  
And when it needed water,  
I must bring that from the spring;  
But when I thought of resting,  
I was "just a lazy drone,"  
For it seemed I was the slaveling of  
The old grindstone.

The years are very many  
Since the trials of my youth,  
And, though I've wished them back again,  
To tell the honest truth,  
I think I'd rather bear the ills  
Along my pathway strown,  
Than be a boy and turn again  
The old grindstone.

---

### ON NEXT COURT DAY.

"I'll tell you, Jim, thar ain't no use  
To talk on this no mo'.  
I've tuck a heap er yo' abuse,  
Fur sartain en fur sho'.  
We'll settle hit next time we meet—  
You hear me say my say—  
An' that'll be plum' in the street,  
In town on county cote day."

"Say, Sam, I want to talk with you  
'Bout clarin' up some groun',

Now, tell me what you wanter do,  
Fur cash, or dicker, down."  
"Well, I hain't fittin', Tom, jes now—  
Ain't in the peartest way—  
But we kin fix hit up, I 'low,  
In town on county cote day."

"I've got a Glencoe colt, Bill Dick,  
I'll swop you fur that mar'.  
His pedigree is pooty slick,  
En he will be a star."

"I've noticed him a time or two—  
You mean that gilden bay?—  
Well, I kin tell you what I'll do  
In town on county cote day."

"Oh, yes, indeed! I hearn some talk  
'Bout nominatin' Bright;  
But he will hatter walk the chalk  
Ef he gets thar all right.  
Still, howsumdever, ef we kin,  
The voters up ow way  
Will work a scheme to git him in,  
At town on county cote day."

For fights, or trades, or politics,  
Or anything of note,  
That takes some leisure time to fix,  
It's set for county "cote"—  
Election time, just now and then—  
But whether grave or gay,  
'Tis oftenest, among these men,  
"In town on county cote day."

## WAITING FOR THE CALL.

An old gray house, on an old-time farm—

'Twas on a Christmas night—

'Thro' chinks were streaming rays of charm

In yellow shafts of light.

An old gray white and an old gray black

Were sitting by the blaze

'That curled and played on the chimney back—

Sat thinking their own old ways.

Said the old black man to the old white man:

"Hit's fawty yeahs tonight

Sense you gin to me this piece er lan',

An' the pootyes' gal in sight.

"You gin us, ersides, dem papahs, too,

Dot sot us bon' ones free,

An' Nan an' me sung 'Hally, Hally Loo!'

Lak er song er jubilee."

"Well, what if I did?" said the old gray white,

"Didn't both belong to me?

And didn't I have, by law, the right

To set my niggahs free?

"And, what is more," said the old white man,

"My farm was broad and long,

And didn't you, and your poor old Nan,

Find life a sweeter song?"

"Lawd bless you, marster, blessin's fell

As fas' as drops er rain;

Yes, every soun' was a silver bell,

Till God called Nan ergain.



“ But we wuz all de slaves you had,  
An’ sense you b’ien so po’  
I’s e felt dat we wuz actin’ bad  
To wish for freedom so.”

“ No more! no more!” said the old white man;  
“ I’m richer than a king!  
You give me blessings, all you can;  
I need not anything.

“ And, more than all, am I not blest,  
While waiting for the call?  
I gave you Freedom, God’s bequest,  
Intended for us all.”

---

### FETCH OVER THE CANOE.

Oh ! list the call across the stream :

“ Who-ee ! Who-ee !”

’Tis like an echo in a dream ;  
The mock-bird laughs the cry anew,  
As if some secret sweet he knew,  
And ’cross the rippling waters blue  
Comes, furrowing, a gum-canoe.

“ Who-ee ! Who-ee !

Fetch over the canoe !”

I see the bushes parting,  
And a dainty gown of blue.

A laughing maiden guides the boat ;  
Who-ee ! Who-ee !

She seems a fairy there afloat;  
The saucy mock-bird flying screams,  
The purling water glints and gleams,  
And 'mong the lilies, crushing through,  
The maiden drives her light canoe.

Who-ee! Who-ee!

Here lies the gum-canoe,  
And here's the laughing maiden  
In her dainty gown of blue.

Oh, that was long and long ago!

Who-ee! Who-ee!

No longer there the lillies grow;  
The woods are gone, the mock-bird's flown;  
A bridge across the stream is thrown;  
Along the shores a city grew;  
The maiden's grave is 'neath the yew.

Who-ee! Who-ee!

Where is the old canoe?  
And where the pretty maiden,  
In her dainty gown of blue?

No more the gold and crimson hints—

Who-ee! Who-ee!

Of autumn there, the bank-side tints;  
The maiden's smile in memory lives;  
My soul a sigh that memory gives,  
And in my heart grows weeping rue,  
Mourning the maid and her canoe.

Who-ee! Who-ee!

Good-bye, old gum-canoe.  
No more you'll bring the maiden  
In her dainty gown of blue.

## A SUMMER NIGHT.

I saw a disk of molten gold  
Sink down against the western edge;  
Then cleave the purple of the wold  
As 'twere a great and shining wedge  
That's driven 'neath an unseen sledge.

A gray triangle sweeps along,  
Toward the dark'ning eastern line,  
Where evening stars in twinkling throng  
Make merry at the day's decline;  
And lonely stands a sentry pine.

Above the southern wood the moon  
Swings up, a burnished silver wheel;  
Sad sounding comes the night-bird's croon;  
Along the breeze sweet odors steal,  
And night, in summer, sets its seal.

---

SONGS WE USED TO SING.

Tenderly touching and sweet to the soul,  
Are the songs we used to sing,  
As along the halls of the years we stroll,  
Where echoing now they ring.  
The heart is filled with a memory dear  
Of a maiden fond and coy,  
And the eye is dewed with a pitying tear  
For the first love of a boy.

So comes the old song back once more,  
That oft we sang in days of yore:

“ Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice with hair so brown?  
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown.”

The mock-bird's song and the wail of the dove,  
The “Bob White” pipe of the quail,  
The nesting larks as they twitter their love,  
The beat of the thresher's flail,  
The shade and the shine of the dear old South,  
And its fields of waving corn,  
The mellow sound from the vibrant mouth  
Of the welcome dinner horn.  
So comes the old song back again,  
In dulcet burden and refrain:

“ The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds are making music all the day.”

The hewed-log meeting-house, deep in the wood,  
Has gone with the passing years;  
A grass-grown hillock now marks where it stood,  
That Memory dews with her tears.  
'Twas old Mount Zion, the loved and the blest,  
Of souls so simple and true,  
And they have gone to the peace and the rest,  
That lies 'neath the sorrowing yew.

So comes the old song back once more,  
That oft we sang in days of yore:

“ Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'll come;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.”

How swells the heart of the patriot crew,  
Where proud the banner streams,  
That's called “Old Glory,” the Red, White and Blue,  
Whose star-light flashes and gleams  
From mountain to ocean and over the seas,  
The pride of a blessed land,  
And long may it wave in Columbia's breeze,  
The gift of a hero band.  
So comes the old song back again,  
In dulcet burden and refrain:

“ Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming?”

Where in the hot focal blaze of the fight  
The war-god shook his sable plume,  
And where the red-breathed brazen cannon's blight  
Deep dyed the field with crimson spume;  
In lulls of battle, twixt the roars of strife,  
Like laugh of children in a gale,  
I've heard the music of the drum and fife,  
Playing amid the iron hail,  
The game old song that comes again,  
In dulcet burden and refrain:

“ ’Way down South, in de land of cotton,  
‘Simmon seed an’ sandy bottom,  
Lookaway, lookaway, lookaway,  
Dixie’s land.”

---

## OLD-TIME MELODIES.

Thin and white are the faded hands,  
That tremble o’er the ivory keys,  
’Mong old-time melodies they reach,  
And from the past a cadent breeze  
Comes singing low—so sweetly low—  
The dear loved songs of long ago.

There’s tender love; there’s blessed love;  
There’s joy, dear one, for you and me,  
In those sweet songs that come again,  
To ripple mem’ry’s placid sea;  
’Tis echo of a halcyon time  
Borne hither from a balmy clime.

Such were the songs you sung to me  
’Mid roses and the rich perfume  
That came on zephyrs from the banks  
Embroidered bright in pansy bloom;  
They rose within your pretty mouth  
Blent with the accent of the South.

And I could bless the ivory keys,  
That ’neath the trembling finger-tips  
Bring back the songs of long ago.

That kissed my sweetheart's crimson lips :  
Dear lips, fond lips, that yet are mine,  
Bedewed with love's own honeyed wine.

---

## LUCIE LEE OF TENNESSEE.

I'll sing of dear old Tennessee,  
In the days of long ago,  
And sing of lovely Lucie Lee,  
As in the olden glow  
We floated down the rippling stream,  
In my poplar-tree canoe,  
At evening-time, and lived the dream  
And the song of lovers true.

Oh, Lucie Lee of Tennessee!  
Though that was long ago,  
I love you still, and ever will,  
Come to me weal or woe;  
And yet again my song's refrain,  
For you, my Lucie Lee,  
Will echoing ring, as I shall sing,  
Along the Tennessee.

We rambled where wild flowers grew,  
And we loved their sweet perfume;  
With them we decked the old canoe  
Till it seemed to be in bloom;  
Amid the pinks and the columbines,  
As we sped the boat along,

And 'mong the honeysuckle vines,  
We sang love's sweetest song.

Then Lucie truly promised me  
She'd love me evermore,  
And wait beside the Tennessee,  
And sing along its shore,  
Till I came back from toil and strife,  
On Fortune's changeful sea,  
To claim, forever, for my wife,  
My dark-eyed Lucie Lee.

---

#### IN MISSISSIPPI WOODS.

Some blue spots dashed with springtime haze,  
Seen thro' magnolia trees and bays;  
The emerald green of tall pine tops,  
A laggard breeze, to bend them, stops;  
A crimson splash of maple bloom,  
A scent of "sweet shrub's" soft perfume,

The snow of dogwood, hiding low,  
The lazy call of a loafing crow;  
The mock-bird's laugh, that sneering rings  
Because an humbler songster sings;  
Of sun and shade a perfect day,  
In southern March like northern May.

We rambled there—sweet Belle and I—  
And heard the forest laugh and cry.



In maiden fancy, bright and free,  
She thought the deep old woods a sea.  
The rich-robed birds, with whirr and swish,  
In dashing by were flashing fish.

Pine cones were conch shells on the floor,  
And souging winds the ocean's roar.

The great white clouds above the tips  
Of waving trees, were full-sailed ships,  
With romance laden, for the land  
Where Love stands shivering on the strand.

But here, within the forest deep,  
Where angels through the blue spots peep,  
We wandered far—sweet Belle and I—  
And heard the forest laugh and cry.  
To crown her sire's birthday fete,  
We gathered bloom and tarried late.

---

#### DANCING IN THE OLD TIME.

For his love of "Kerry dancing,"  
Sweet the Irish poet sings;  
But to me far more entrancing,  
As returned on memory's wings,  
Are the dances and the luncheons  
In the cabins long ago,  
And the way we shook the puncheons  
To the strains of "Old Jim Crow."

From his chair, high on a table,

In the happy, old-time days,  
There the fiddler, gray and sable,  
Stamps a foot and gaily plays:  
Plays his "Hear de Bells a-Ringing,"  
Then his "Snowbird at de Do',"  
While he calls the figures, singing:  
"Swing dem cawnders!" "Forrid fo'!"

His favorite, "Old Leather Breeches,"  
Rings thro' memory in my ear,  
And his singing, "Full er Stitches,"  
Blends with rattling "Forked Deer."  
All the girls in linsey dresses,  
All the boys in homemade jeans  
When they swing, each rascal presses  
Close the girl that on him leans.

You may have the stately "lancers";  
Give me back the other days,  
And the jolly, romping dancers,  
Seen thro' memory's thick'ning haze,  
'Those were sweet days, I remember,  
Just as these will be to all,  
When they see, from life's November,  
Where the length'ning shadows fall.

---

### THE KENTUCKIAN'S LAMENT.

I useter live in old Kaintuck some forty year ago,  
An' come back here again, to stop, a week er two, er  
mo',

But now I'm goin' back out West, an' stay thar too,  
my son,  
'Kase I don't like the changes that the times has gone  
an' done.

Thar useter be a little crick a 'runnin' 'neath this hill,  
An' further down thar useter stan' a monst'ous fine old  
mill;  
I've waded in that little crick, an' fished fur minners  
thar,  
An' watched the mus'rats divin' in the water fresh an'  
clar.

I useter ride a grist to mill—a sack er Injun cawn—  
Jis' many a time, in them old days, so long 'fo' you  
was bawn;  
An' me an' all the yuther boys—in winter time, you  
know—  
Was parchin' cawn, an' swappin' lies ontell we had  
to go.

That little crick has gone plum' dry, the mill is all  
to' down,  
An' blamed ef they ain't tuck the spot to build er onry  
town,  
An' where the big-road useter run thar's growin'  
weeds an' grass,  
An' thar's a cut, clean thro' the hill, fur railroad kyars  
to pass.

Them shell-bark hick'ry trees is gone, whar me an'  
yo' Aunt Sue,

Has gather'd nuts, so many falls, when we was size  
er you;  
An' over yan, whar houses stan' along the south hill  
side,  
Thar stood the woods, an' pawpaws growed an' pos-  
sums useter hide.

The boys as useter play with me, when I was but a  
kid,  
Has all turned gray—'cep' them that's bald—an' some  
the ground has hid;  
An' stid er jeans, an' home'ade socks, an' all the like  
er that,  
Sto' close is all the go, mer son, them an' the—bee-  
gum hat.

The sasser ain't no longer used to po' yo' coffee in,  
An' eatin' with yo' knife has grow'd to be a mortal  
sin;  
An' what is wuss than all the rest, an' seems to me  
mos' quar'  
Cocktails, an' sich like truck as that, has knock'd out  
whisky clar.

These things is much too much for me. It's broke  
my heart in two,  
It's ru'nous to the country, an' it aint'er goin' ter do;  
I'm goin' back—you hear me shout—clean back to  
Washin'ton;  
I wanter find Old Skookumchuck, an' stay thar, too,  
mer son.

## OLD MART AN' ME.

Hit's been so monstrous long ago it seems jes like a  
dream,

Sence we was only chunks er boys—a rough-an' tumble  
team—

That useter dam the spring house branch an' set up  
flutter-wheels,

An' work so dead in arnest that we often miss'd our  
meals,

An' sometimes fit en quarreled till we war a sight to  
see,

An' frequent we got licked for that,  
Old Mart an' me.

Time come we had to go to school—some funder en a  
mile—

But what we larnt, until this day, jis sorter makes me  
smile;

'Twas little mo than nuthin', en we got it, inch by inch,  
While the teacher lammed it to us, till we had the  
mortal cinch

On everything the old man knowed, plum to the rule  
of three,

But frequent we got licked for that,  
Old Mart an' me.

We was raised on farms adjinin' with plenty all aroun'  
But still we'd skip off, atter dark, an' pole away to  
town,

Three mile, up hill, ef 'twar a foot, an' jine the boys  
up there,

To eat sardines, and smoke seegyars, an' have a sort  
of "tare,"

Or rob a neighbor's million-patch—for deviltry, you  
see,

But frequent we got licked for that,  
Old Mart an' me.

At spellin' bouts and singin' school, thar's whar we  
useter shine;

We couldn't spell a little bit, ner sing so mighty fine,  
But when it come to courtin' gals an' seein' of 'em  
home,

Why we was thar, an' I tell you, 'twas honey in the  
comb,

Then Widder Kane got married, an' we raised a shiv-  
aree—

But didn't we get licked for that,  
Old Mart and me!

When finally the war broke loose, an' Mart an' me  
went in,

One time we struck a scrimmage that was livelier en  
sin;

We had it, back an' forrards, twict, acrost a cotton  
patch—

You never seed, in all yo' life, a hotter shootin'  
match—

I got a plug clean th'oo my leg, an' him one in the  
knee,

So, we got sorter licked at that,  
Old Mart and me.

We've had some ups and downs in life, and growin'  
kinder old,  
With hearts as warm as ever, an' they never will get  
cold.  
So fur as him an' me's consarned; not even over thar,  
When all are called to answer at the final jedgment  
bar,  
For friendship's close to holiness, and blamed ef I  
can see,  
How we'll get licked a bit for that,  
Old Mart an' me.

---

## OLD KENTUCKY WINE (A SONG).

For all the ills that come to men,  
In sorrow's darksome train,  
To ease the heart and warm the blood  
And soothe the troubled brain,  
Give me a fragrant julep, cold,  
With some good friends of mine,  
Beside a jorum, seasoned with,  
Good, old Kentucky wine.

So take a glass and drink with me,  
Till eyes and soul shall shine,  
And we'll forget our loves and debts  
In old Kentucky wine.

If such there be that know not how  
To lift the glorious bowl,

And drain it merrily in peace,  
To soothe the weary soul,  
Persuade them not, but come with me,  
And some good friends of mine;  
We'll have a time that will not shame  
Good old Kentucky wine.

---

## IN MEXICO.

I loved a maid in Mexico,  
A dark-haired *senorita*, kind and sweet  
And tho' that was so long ago,  
My heart is still a captive at her feet.  
Oft thro' her latticed balcony, and long,  
I've watched her thrum the light guitar,  
And heard her sing the gay bolero song,  
My love, my life, my Mexic star.

I see her eyes, so dark and bright,  
And hear her voice, so soft and low;  
'Tis living in my soul tonight,  
With dreams of her and Mexico.

She's waiting there, in Mexico.  
My dark-haired maid, my sweetheart, fond and true;  
She'll wait for me, where'er I go,  
With love as pure and fresh as honey-dew.  
Her great black eyes, so tender and so deep,  
Will watch for me, and brightly beam  
To hear my name, and faithfully she'll keep  
Her troth, as fair as angel's dream.



So come, fair fortune, come to me;  
I long to go, I long to go,  
Across the land and Southern sea,  
To dear Inez, in Mexico.

---

## FROM GEORGIA.

Banks Winter, you are summer, all the time,  
And you come from the sunny, southern clime  
Of good, old Georgia,  
Where King Cotton holds high sway,  
And Frank Stanton sings a lay,  
Every single, blessed day,  
Of good, old Georgia.

Banks Winter, you are greatest when you sing,  
And your song has a touch of breezy spring,  
In dear, old Georgia.  
'Tis a happy, jolly throng  
Of friends you've helped along,  
With your kindness and your song,  
In and out o' Georgia.

Banks Winter, here's a flagon to your health.  
May you have that, and all you want of wealth—  
In and out of Georgia.  
May you never have a fall,  
From the joy, and love, and all,  
That make the rose-covered wall  
Around old Georgia.

## OLD STONE-HAMMER.

'Way down in old Kentucky, some eighty years ago,  
They had a man for Governor, good, honest, strong  
and slow.

He hewed out rock, in his younger days, an' follered  
the mason's trade;

His heart was brave and noble an' his head was level  
an' staid.

They called him "Old Stone-Hammer," an' he ruther  
liked the name,

Yit, had they called him somethin' else' twould just ha'  
bin the same.

No better man had ever sot in the gubernatorial chair,  
An' when the right was needin' a friend the Governor  
was there.

The Governor had an only son, a wild an' reckless  
lad,

Who early took the crooked road that allers leads to  
the bad.

His father's love and mother's prayers could never  
bring him right,

But on he run, in sin an' shame, as black as the  
darkest night.

On, on he went, in ruin's path, an' sowed the fruitful  
seed

That brought, at last, a harvest big, of sorrow in one  
deed.

A comrade slain, with wilful hand, and Old Stone-  
Hammer saw

His son a doomed and tremblin' wretch, before  
avengin' law.

Petitions for a pardon came, an' Justice dropped her  
scale,

When Old Stone-Hammer seized his pen—him shiv-  
erin' and pale—

An' soon before him, on his desk, two weighty papers  
lay,

That saved his son an' lost his seat, on that his hardest  
day.

He pardoned, first, his errin' son, an' then his post  
resigned,

An' Love an' Justice proved again that both are utter  
blind.

Now father, and now mother, and now, you reckless  
one,

Le's have yo' jedgment on the way that Old Stone  
Hammer done.



### CHRISTMAS IN THE OLE TIME.

Now, love, come and sing with me,

Within this home beside the sea ;

And sit you, daughter, at my knee,

To help the homely rhyme.

I'll sing of days ere you were born :

Of apples and the gathered corn ;

Of darkies and the dinner horn,

And Christmas in the ole time.

We'll tune the banjo to the lay,  
And make the music light and gay,  
For that, my loved ones, was the way  
    Of "we-all," in the prime  
And happy days of long ago,  
When Uncle Jube and Mammy Chlo'  
Made jolly times like honey flow  
    For Christmas in the ole time.

More love shines in black mammy's face;  
More joy pervades the old home place;  
The sun streams down with softer grace;  
    The distant church bell's chime  
Has sweeter music in its ring;  
More merrily the darkies sing,  
And jollier greetings meetings bring,  
    In Christmas in the ole time.

The stillicide of honey-bees;  
The grateful scent of od'rous trees;  
The balmy, perfume-laden breeze  
    Of that dear sunny clime,  
And all the happiness and glee  
Are borne on memory's wing to me,  
At home beside this western sea,  
    Of Christmas in the ole time.

---

Christmas eve—the old plantation—  
    See the quarters blaze with light;  
Hear the fiddle, bones and banjo;  
    People there are gay tonight.

Listen to the leader sing:

“Jine de song, you sassy niggahs !”

Hear the hearty chorus ring:

“Dat’s all right, you call de figgahs !”

Dar’s ole Marster, good en true ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Ole Mistiss, she is dat way, too ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Young Mars Jim en sweet Miss Sue —

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Lawd bless all ole Marster’s crew ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Sing wid all yo’ might en main,

Christmas, it am here again ;

Christmas come but once a year ;

W’en it come we has a sheer ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Turkey, he am mighty proud ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Struttin’ roun’ en gobblin’ loud ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

I’ll pick his bone en spread his wing ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Chickin’s neck I’s gwine to wring ;

Ah ha, oo hoo !

Sing wid all yo’ might en main,

Christmas, it am here again ;

Christmas come but once a year ;

W'en it come we has a sheer ;  
Ah ha, oo hoo !

---

Thus, and long, in sweet concordance,  
Come the song and quaint refrain,  
Trooping merrily and welcome  
Down the years in mem'ry's train.

Daylight comes, and Christmas morning  
Glides in through the eastern rift,  
And the "people"—old and young ones—  
"Ketch" the white folks' "Christmas gift."

Mammy herds the whooping youngsters—  
White and black—within her call;  
Mistress scatters Christmas presents  
From the quarters to the hall.

Master storms, in anger's pretense,  
In and out, about the place,  
But the soul of all his goodness  
Glistens in his jolly face.

Love and joy, with song and dancing,  
In the olden Southern ways,  
Tinted with the holy story,  
Sped the happy holidays.

Now the banjo—harp of Southland—  
Tuned with us in homely rhyme,  
Rest, and with it, 'neath the willow,  
"Christmas in the ole time."

## OPIE READ.

He leads you from the city's glare and blare,  
Its conflict and its killing wear and tear,  
Where shredded nerves are quivering, and woe—  
The minor strain—pervading deep and low,  
The touching music of it all, appeals  
To Tenderness, that weeps with what she feels,  
But sheds her tears in hopelessness, while Sin  
Rides high and blatant, mid the ceaseless din.  
With wondrous art, and mighty heart and soul,  
And trenchant pen, he leads to where we stroll  
Away from rush, and roar, and grasping greed;  
From truckling cant, deceit and hollow creed,  
To fields and woods, where sweetest flowers grow;  
By streams and hills, where southern breezes blow,  
And this is Opie Read.

With him we hear the song of cooing dove,  
That calls its mate and tells its gentle love.  
The raindrops splash the rose's open breast;  
In white and gold the orange trees are drest;  
The bay of hounds comes down the wooded glen;  
At night the gray fox barks beside his den;  
In ardent summertime a seeming snow,  
Lies deep, in broad, white cotton-fields, that glow  
Beneath the sun's fierce rays, and mellow song  
Rings through the woods, in echoes sweet and long;  
Soft breezes sway the red-topped iron-weed,  
In pastures clean, where high-bred cattle feed;  
His man, his maid, his hero and his clown,  
Are true to life, as he has writ them down,  
For this is Opie Read.

## BLACK MAMMY.

## MAMMY'S SPINNING WHEEL.

"Harp of the North," the Wizard sang,  
And tuned his glowing lays  
'Mid gallant deeds and battle's clang  
And clan to clan's affrays.  
Could I but sing so sweet a song—  
And strong—as Scotia's bard,  
I'd ring the charge of every wrong  
Till tyranny set guard;  
More fit for me a sweet refrain  
Of home and long ago.  
Harp of the South, I strike again  
The dear, old, quaint banjo.  
No organ's diapason swell,  
In grand cathedral, dim,  
E'er on the heart of novice fell,  
In vesper's sacred hymn,  
With more impress of love and soul  
And deep devotion true  
Than Southern song to mem'ry's goal  
As borne, my harp, by you.

And now I sing to the banjo ring,  
In tune by memory led,  
And hear a sound like whispers, 'round  
The grave of the Past, long dead:  
'Tis a whirl and a hum,  
And a doleful thrum,  
But music my heart can feel—



I hear as before,  
In days of yore,  
Black mammy's spinning wheel.

It brings me joy, as when a boy  
I sat in her cabin door,  
And heard her sing to the spindle's ring,  
As she paced the "punchcon" floor;  
From the dawn to the gloam,  
In the old South home,  
A mammy, true, black and leal,  
She trudged to and fro,  
In the long ago,  
And wrought at her spinning wheel.

How blest the days, how sweet the ways,  
That Kate and I saw then—  
My sister Kate, whom God and fate  
Have taken to His Aidenn.  
How 'neath the orange trees,  
Kissed by each balmy breeze  
That thro' magnolias steal,  
Under the bloom  
Lies Katie's tomb,  
And still's the spinning wheel.

## CANTO FIRST.

—

## A MEMORY.

## I.

Come, sit beside me, daughter mine,  
Where vines of honey-suckle twine,  
And in a simple way I'll tell,  
With rhyme and music, how befell  
The story of a grandame who  
Now rests beneath a Southern yew.  
Her blood was from dark Afric's race,  
And black her good and kindly face;  
Her heart was pure and strong and free,  
And she it was who swaddled me;  
An infant on her breast I lay,  
And at her knee I learned to say  
That "now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."  
A foster mother—Mammy dear—  
And loving as your mother here.  
The twanging of the banjo's strings  
To recollection softly brings  
The time and scenes of those blest days  
Of honor's prime and generous ways,  
That marked the home of bloom and sun  
Before the war's dark work begun;  
Before the fields were ribbed and scarred,  
And battle trenches marked and marred  
And wrinkled o'er with ruthless hand  
The face of that, my native land.

## II.

I see the fires blazing bright  
That lit the "quarters," when at night  
The slaves returned from teeming field,  
Their tributes to King Momus yield;  
Some dance the happy hours away  
To tambourine and banjo play,  
While others chant the "Jawbone" song  
In darkey patois, queer and strong,  
And some discuss the goodly cheer  
Sent by "Old Mistiss," held so dear;  
Contentment rules with guileless glee,  
A synonym, for them, of "free."  
Their liberty was greater then  
Than that of many "hired men,"  
Whose very vote, in truth, belongs  
Within the pittance and the thongs  
That bind them to the "nabob's" wheels—  
A master who no pity feels,  
But leaves the poor to feed its sick,  
And gives the needy but a kick.  
The slave knew not the thought of care,  
But knew that shelter, food and wear  
Were sure to come as night and day,  
And thus he jogged his happy way.

## III.

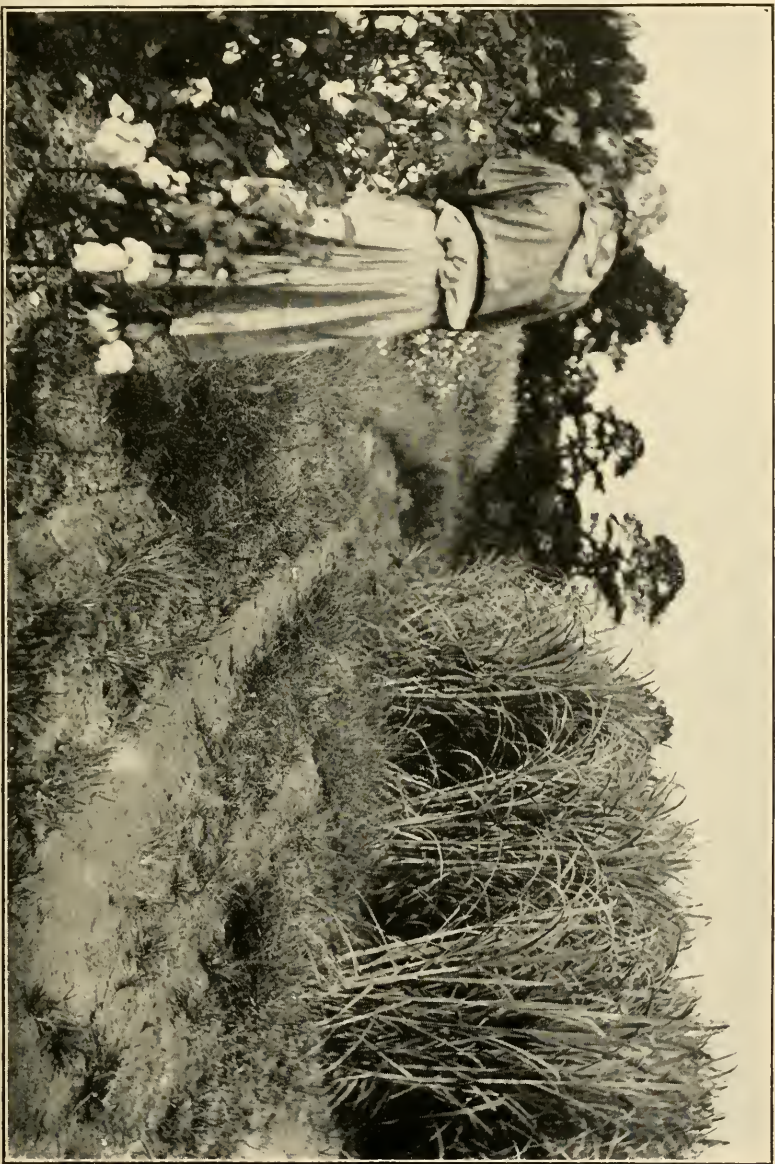
I see Sis Tabb's red-turbaned head,  
And hear her say, "You eats white bread—  
You coal-black sinnahs, here tonight—  
But mind you's out wid mawin's light;

De pusley's growin' in de cawn,  
An' when de roostah blow his hawn  
Be out at work, yo' level bes',  
And 'arn it when de rain brings res'."  
In great authority she's grown,  
Since children, white, beside her own,  
Have been consigned to her command  
And learned her slipper and her hand.  
Those times are gone, and Jube, at last,  
An aged soul, comes moving past;  
His head is white as driven snow,  
His manly form is bending low;  
He was "Black Mammy's" good "old man"  
And brother of his "Uncle Dan."  
Since "Freedom" came, Hard 'Times' deep plows  
Have furrowed both their dusky brows.  
And one bewails his long since dead,  
The other pleads for crusts of bread—  
List to the banjo's plaintive strings  
And hear the dirge old Juba sings:

#### AUNT SIS TABB.

#### IV.

'Way down by de Yazoo rivah,  
At home whar I was bawn,  
An' whar I spent my younger days,  
'Mong cotton an' de cawn,  
I used to hab a good ole wife,  
De white folks called Sis Tabb,  
But now she's lyin' underneath



SHE TOILS AMONG THE COTTON AND THE CANE.



A cold, gray, granite slab.  
An' I want to see de place  
Whar ole Sis Tabb is laid,  
Down by de Yazoo rivah,  
Whar de posies bloom and fade.

Many's de time, when Jube was sick,  
An' couldn' hol' his row,  
Sis Tabb retch out an' holp a hill,  
Wid her own long-handled hoe;  
Many's de night, in 'possum time,  
When de woods was turnin' drab,  
Ise brung dem file-tail roamers home,  
Fur good old Aunt Sis Tabb.

Ise roamed aroun' a right smart chance,  
An' had some friends thoo life,  
But none was good and kind and true  
Like dat my po' ole wife;  
No kinder pusson evah lived,  
An' earth will nevah hab  
A warmer heart or better soul  
Dan good ole Aunt Sis Tabb.

---

V.

Thus Juba chants his wail today,  
And Dan comes limping 'long the way;  
He knows me not, his weakened sight  
Is tender in the glare of light.

The poor old darkey's dappled eyes  
Have hindered him the glad surprise—  
The mighty joy—could he but trace  
In feature's mine "young marster's" face;  
He leans upon his crooked cane,  
With hat in hand, to thus complain:

## UNCLE DAN.

## VI.

I'm a po' ole niggah man,  
And my name is Uncle Dan;  
I am well nigh on to three sco' years an' ten;  
I'm fur along de way,  
Nigh de stoppin' place, dey say,  
An' I'm weak, an' feeble too, you kin depen'.  
Den give de ole man a mite,  
Jis fur to buy a little bite,  
Fur I'm hawngry to de co',  
An' de wolf am at de do',  
An' I'm monst'ous feared he gwine to mosey in.

Jis a little while ago  
I could sling de 'ax an' hoe—  
'Deed an' trufe I was a mighty likely man,  
But time has bar'd my crown.  
An' it's bent me todes de groun',  
An' dar's monst'ous little lef' of Uncle Dan.  
'Deed I used to hoe de cawn  
Fur ole marster, dead an' gone;



An' he hilt me up de leader of his ban',  
But now he's gone away,  
To a better lan', I pray,  
Whar I trus' he gwine to meet his niggah Dan.

---

## VII.

These poor old souls were actors through  
The story I shall sing for you,  
In rhyme of heartfelt, homely flow,  
A story of the long ago;  
To give a glimpse of sunny days,  
Along the flower-bordered ways;  
In grassy fields and bowered nooks;  
Beside the streams and crystal brooks;  
Beneath the grand magnolia's shade;  
'Mid perfume by its flowers made,  
That ladened gratefully the breeze;  
And where the stillicide of bees  
Was heard, in deep and drowsy hum,  
Like strutting peacock's muffled thrum;  
Where uncaged birds sang high in air,  
And all was bright and fresh and fair,  
Beneath the blue and ether dome  
That arched a happy South-land home.  
Round such a picture, such a scene,  
Where "mammy" reigned a dusky queen,  
'Mid graceful girls and manly boys,  
Who gave her care, or brimmed her joys,  
I'd twine, of song, a garland sweet,  
'And beg to lay it at thy feet.

## CANTO SECOND.

## DOWN SOUTH.

## I.

'Tis summer in the quiet land of bloom,  
'Neath skies that winter never knew;  
In forests deep the dusky cypress plume  
Nods where the wild-vine tendrils clew  
Among the humbler growth, beneath the shade  
Of centuried and hoary oaks,  
And where the rainbow-tinted sunbeams fade,  
Under the long and trailing cloaks  
Of mosses, bannered to the lofty boughs,  
That weave a close and leafy screen  
For nooks where fly-begoaded cattle browse,  
In covers cool, of grateful green.

## II.

Before the facade of the deep, dark wood,  
The fallow-fields and pastures lie,  
And ripening harvests, teeming, rich and good,  
Give pleasing promise to the eye.  
Among the china and the orange trees,  
And flowers of myriad dye,  
And jasmine vines that in each balmy breeze  
Their gay and golden showers fly.  
There stands, with open doors, a planter's home,  
And stillness reigns about its halls,

Except the sound of bees around the comb,  
Or ring-dove's low and distant calls.

## III.

The sunflower droops in comely grace  
Before the day-king's fervid rays—  
A Clytie fair, who bends her modest face  
Beneath Apollo's ardent gaze.  
A shimmering haze is in the air,  
The mocking-bird his riot stills,  
The river glints beneath the sun's fierce glare,  
And mists hang o'er the far-off hills.  
The pigeons croon beneath the eaving-frieze,  
A kitten sleeps in "mammy's" lap,  
And in a hammock, swung betwixt two trees,  
"Old marster" takes his noon-tide nap.

---

## THE STRANGER.

## IV.

'Twas hazy, dreamy summer time  
In Mississippi's ardent clime,  
And I had wandered gladly back  
From war and desolation's track,  
And years of toil in fortune's hunt;  
Bescarred before the battle's brunt;  
Had wandered back, gray-haired and lame,  
To that old home from whence I came  
Near two-score years before, a lad  
Of lightsome step, and spirits mad

With wild ambition but to wield  
A gleaming blade on vict'ry's field,  
And bear the Southern banner through  
The broken ranks of hostile blue.  
I met a grim and stubborn foe,  
And saw my cherished cause laid low ;  
I fell amid a rain of balls,  
And 'woke within a prison's walls.  
I've lived the dear "Lost Cause" to weep,  
And joyed to see the trouble sleep ;  
I live to praise the God above—  
The God of Peace, and Home, and Love—  
That now our land is One, and Free,  
And pray that thus 'twill ever be.

## V.

Capricious fortune could not foil  
The just reward of worthy toil ;  
So there, within the well-known gates—  
Despite the Furies and the Fates—  
I stood upon the shaded lawn,  
Beside the grave of years agone.  
A man of wrinkles, but of wealth,  
In gold, and gear, and ruddy health.  
My father's sire dozed his nap,  
The kitten slept in mammy's lap,  
The pigeons crooned beneath the eaves,  
The zephyrs played among the leaves,  
And on the breezes, borne along,  
Came faint the ring-dove's cooing song.  
Till "marster" woke, I thought the while

"Black mammy's " gossip to beguile.  
A safe incognito was mine,  
In beard, and hair, and furrowed line  
That Time had lent me from his stall  
To freely clothe myself withal.  
I laughed and cried, to hear her tell  
Afresh the tale I knew so well—  
Forebore to hug the dear old soul  
Till she had reached her story's goal.

---

## MAMMY'S STORY.

## VI.

Yo' mos' o-bejent, suh; hit's true  
Dis place is known, suh, ez Ladue—  
    De fines' on de rivah;  
And dat's ole marster dar, asleep;  
I wouldn't wake him for a heap—  
    He's sich a reg'lar livah.

But ef you'd seat yo'se'f a bit,  
Do' I'se no comp'ny dat is fit  
    To ontertain you well, suh,  
I'll do my bes' tell marster wakes—  
And dat I knows fur sartain, sakes,  
    Is wid de dinnah-bell, suh.

Yes, suh, he's livin' here alone,  
Asceptin' color like my own;  
    Ole Mis' is gone to glory,  
An' all de yuthers dey's away,

But not fur good, ner gwine to stay—  
An' dar-by hangs a story;

Ole Marse an' Mis' dey had a son—  
Marse Luther, jis' an on'y one —  
An' also one sweet darter;  
Marse Luther married; den he died,  
An' his po' wife—jis' seem she tried—  
Lay 'side him shortly arter.

She lef' a lovely par of twins,  
An' jis as like as two new pins,  
Asceptin'—is you lis'nin?'—  
Dat one wuz gal and one wuz boy;  
Miss Geraldine and Marster Roy  
Dey named 'em at de chris'nin'.

Ole marster's darter runned away,  
An' f'um dat awful, tryin' day,  
Ole mis' she tuck to sinkin',  
An' 'twarn't but jes' a few months mo'  
She stood upon de Jordan sho',  
From golden cups a-drinkin'.

'Twas on a Sunday mistiss went;  
It 'peared de angel hos' wuz sent  
To take her up to heaven,  
Dat one day, when de gates up dar  
Is standin' open, wide ajar—  
De bes' day in de seven.

De fac', it wuz, dat po' Miss Sue

She loved beneath what Marse Ladue  
Wuz thinkin' wuz her ekal;  
An' so she 'loped, one rainy night,  
An' evah sence wuz lost to sight.  
Suh? Yes, suh, dat's de sekal.

I'd nussed Marse Luther and Miss Sue,  
An' den I tuck Marse Luther's two;  
Now, bless yo' life, Miss Gerry  
Has got some six; an' when dey's here  
Dey makes ole mammy jump, s'vere—  
En keeps me in a hurry.

Well, arter young Marse Luther died,  
His wife a-layin' by his side,  
An' po' Miss Sue elopin',  
An' mistiss ridin' Jordan's wave,  
Ole marster's life wuz hard to save—  
De doctors give up hopin'.

But, bless yo' life, he stood it all;  
De angel stopped his bugle-call,  
An' marster's still among us;  
An' sence dat time he's strong and well,  
An' nothin' but de Lawd could tell  
De happiness he's brung us!

So things went on, year arter year,  
An' all wuz smooth and prosp'rous here;  
De cullud folks increasin';  
De cawn crap an' de cotton bale

Wuz sho', an' nevah known to fail,  
An' blessin's wus onceasin'.

An' jes' to cap de stack er joy,  
Dar come along another boy,  
One blessed day like dis'n;  
I think de angels ovah dar  
Mus' be'n a-singin' in de a'r  
An' c'ressin' an' a-kissin'.

Up f'um de hot an' dusty way  
Dat 'long de rivah levee lay,  
Dat bar'foot boy come, swingin';  
He whistled, as he trudged along,  
Some snatches f'um a lively song  
He'd heerd de fiel'-han's singin'.

Up thoo de lawn an' twixt de trees,  
Jes' like a spring-time rivah breeze,  
Dat youngster comes a-troopin'—  
I think he had de boldes' step  
A tired infant evah kep',  
An' nary bit er droopin'.

Den he onloosened f'um his back  
A little ole bandana pack  
Dat hilt his onknown treasure;  
F'um off his arm his bundle swung,  
An' on de grass hisse'f he flung,  
Full length, his little measure.



Ole marster woke, an' quar surprise  
Jes' twinkled in his good ole eyes  
    To see de youthful ranger;  
"Go fetch de lad to me," he said;  
Aunt Easter jes' went right ahead  
    Wid dis talk to de stranger:

"Come here to me, you little scamp;  
I 'spec's you's nothin' but a tramp  
    A-prowlin' thoo de section;  
Ole marster wants to talk wid you,  
An' sorter s'arch you thoo and thoo,  
    And give you some correction.

"I 'spec's he'll lock you up ontill  
De night am come, an' all am still;  
    Den, while you quake an' shivah,  
He'll make de drivalh take you out  
An' give you sixty—dar about—  
    An' fling you in de rivah."

Ole Easter thought it monst'ous smart  
To give some one jes' sich a start,  
    When she wuz in de humor;  
Ghos'-stories, laws! she loved to tell,  
An' all dis truck 'bout hoodoo spell,  
    An' every 'sterious rumor.

Out spoke de brave, onda'nted lad:  
"I don't believe dat he's so bad  
    As you gwine try to make him;  
An' what is mo', I ain't afeard"—

Dat's what he said, for hit I heard—  
Dar warn't no skeer could shake him.

“You's pooty spunky, little man;  
But when you in ole marster's han'  
You'll sing anudder song, suh;  
So grab you up yo' traps an' truck,  
An' pray,” Ole Easter say, “fur luck,  
As you is gwine along, suh.”

She led de lad to where de fat  
An' jolly-faced ole marster sat,  
On dis yer same piazzah;  
“I dunno whar dis child is f'um,  
Er why er wharfo' here he's cum,  
Er any 'skuse he has, suh.”

Den pompously, her jewty done,  
Ole Easter looks up todes de sun,  
As ef to tell de hour,  
Den takes de dinnah-hawn an' blows  
A blast dat might er skeered de crows,  
Er brought a summer shower.

“Well, youngster,” says de kine ole man,  
“Jis tell me, ef you thinks you can,  
Yo' name, and whar you wander.”  
“My name is Frank,” de boy replied;  
“Ten days ago my father died,  
An' mother's over yonder.”

Den, lookin' todes de cl'ar, blue skies,

De tear-drops wet his bluer eyes  
    An' dimmed dar boyish brightness;  
Ole Marster's tone got safter, too,  
While gazin' in dem eyes of blue,  
    An' drapped his manner's lightness.

"I'd like to get some work to do—  
    Dat's why I come to visit you,"  
    De wanderer continued;  
Jis' den de han's, who' heard de hawn,  
Comes trapesin' in f'um out de cawn,  
    Hard-handed, strong an' sinewed.

"You see dem men?" ole marster said;  
"Dey labors for dere daily bread,  
    An' yit dey's well contented;  
Could you do dat, thoo all yo' days,  
An' live dere humble, drudgin' ways,  
    Widout de choice repented?"

"One only gits what he can 'arn,"  
De boy he say, "but I can l'arn  
    To be a helpful man, suh;  
Jis' try me fur a little while."  
Dis broadened out ole marster's smile,  
    Bekase he liked de ansuh.

"Come here, Sis 'Tabb"; dat's me; I'se here;  
An' standin' by ole marster's cheer,  
    I mos' o-be-jent waited;  
An' yit I'm here, devoted still,  
An' ready, too, to do his will  
    Whenever hit is stated.

He say: "Sis 'Tabb, you take dis boy,  
An' bring him up wid our Roy,  
    Wid jis' de same attention;  
See dat he's fed an' neatly dressed,  
An' do in all things what is bes'—  
    De res' I needn't mention."

I tuck a likin' to de chile  
Right dar an' den; an' arter while  
    I has him lookin' shinin';  
Den guv him somepen good to eat—  
You'd tho't dat he'd be'n outen meat  
    Ef you could seed him dinin'.

He brung his appetite fur sho',  
An' et until he'd hold no mo' —  
    An' me, laws bless you! pressin';  
De chile was hawngry, dat's a fac'—  
He hadn't et fur weeks aback,  
    Wuz jis what I wuz guessin'.

I ain't no reader in de books,  
But still I knowed from dat chile's looks  
    He warn't no common creature;  
He'd gentle ways, an' manners sweet,  
An' 'ristocratic hands and feet,  
    An' "blood" in every feature.

He guv his little pack to me  
To keep it safe as safe could be;  
    " My mother's Bible's in it—  
Hit's somepen I most dearly prize,"

He say, with big tears in his eyes;  
I loved him f'um dat minit.

I locked dat bundle safe an' soun'  
Down in a chis' dat's i'on-boun',  
An' dar it stayed in res', suh,  
Tell sich a time, in arter years  
It dried a monst'ous sight er tears  
An' 'splained things fur de bes', suh.

He fell right into our ways,  
An' twarn't so monst'ous many days  
Fo' he wuz in a station,  
'Mong all de white folks on de place,  
As well as dem of our race,  
As one of de relation.

An' him an' Roy an' Geraldine  
Jis' had good times, as ever seen—  
Ole Marster, too, abettin';  
Sich kyarin's on an' rattlin' plays  
I nevah seed in my bawn days,  
An' kep' me wile a-frettin'.

An' Juba, too—dat's my ole man—  
Him an' his brother—Uncle Dan—  
Would mix in de commotion,  
An' lead de racket, whoop an' dance  
Whenever dey had half a chance—  
Distractin', to *my* notion.

Ise raised some children in my time,

An' mos' of dem was fair to prime,  
Of white and black vocations;  
But dese wuz p'intedly de wust  
Of any dis chile evah nussed  
Of three whole ginerations.

Hit warn't in meanness dey wuz bad,  
But hoyden-wile, an' mischuff-mad,  
An' full of fun an' capers;  
To make dem chillen walk de chalk  
An' keep in boun's—you hear me talk—  
Hit wuzn't in de papers.

De yeahs went on, an' I tell you  
De tricks dem chillen played, hit's true,  
You couldn't hardly thunk it;  
One time dey tuck Aunt Easter's cat  
An' wropped it in her Sunday hat,  
An' in de rivah sunk it.

Aunt Easter worried so dat—well,  
She thought she had a hoodoo spell,  
An' so tuck down, er ailin';  
She 'clared she knowd dat snakes an' toads  
Wuz in her legs by basket-loads,  
An' jis' kep' on a-failin'.

Tell Frank an' Roy an' Uncle Dan  
Dey gits a monst'ous big tin pan  
An' fills it full er vermin—  
Some fishin'-wu'ms an' harmless snakes,

An' frogs, an' thousan'-legs—an' takes  
De mess right in, a-squirmin'.

Dey hides it onder Easter's bed,  
An' den Marse Frank he up an' said  
How he wuz hoodoo p'ison;  
He takes ole Easter by de ha'r,  
An' goes thoo some owdashus pra'r,  
Den brings her up a-risin'.

An' den he make ole Uncle Dan  
Hol' up de things in dat ar pan  
Befo' de eyes of Easter,  
An' make believe dey lef' her lim'  
In true o-be-jence unto him,  
An' hoodoo had released her.

'Fo' dat she b'leeved, as sho's you bawn,  
Dat Gab'el done had blowed his hawn,  
An' she wuz sho'ly dyin';  
Dat trick just kyoed her right away,  
An' 'arly on de follerin' day  
She jis' wuz out a-flyin'.

Mos' evah Sunday all de han's  
On dese an' de adj'inin' lan's  
Dat's by dese rivals bounded,  
Would gether 'fo' sweet Jesus' face,  
Out in de woods, in some cool place,  
To hear de gospel 'spounded.

An' in sich times dem chillen went,

An' allers dere sweet voices lent  
    To holp de meetin'-singin';  
An' even yit I think I hear  
Dem chillen's voices, bright and clear,  
    All thoo de sarvice ringin'.

De preachah, he wuz my ole man;  
De deekin, dat wuz Uncle Dan;  
    An' while de folks wuz comin'  
Dese two sot on de moanah's seat,  
Mos' humble dar at Jesus' feet,  
    Dis openin' hime a-hummin':

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### GOOD LORD, REMEMBER ME.

I wish dat you, my breethren true,  
    Would larn dis modis' song,  
An' git it by heart, 'fo' we all part,  
    An' shout it loud an' long:  
    'Member de rich, an' 'member de po',  
    'Member de bon' an' de free;  
An' when you done a-'memberin' aroun',  
    Den, good Lawd, remember po' me'.

Why can't you do like Peter did,  
    While a-walkin' on de sea  
He clapped his han's to his lovin' Lawd—  
    Oh, good Lawd, remember po' me.

Josh-uway made de sun stan' still



Tell de hos' of de wrong wuz slain;  
Den he went on, fightin' for de Lawd,  
An' prayin' for remember-ance again.

Ef I could stan' whar Moses stood,  
An' view de landscape o',  
I'd take up wings an' fly away  
Ovah to dat milk-white sho'.

---

My chillen—sho'ly dey wuz mine—  
Growed up together, jis' as fine  
As any in de county;  
Good-hearted, han'some, strong an' brave,  
Dey holp de po', all dey could save  
From Gran'pa's wealth and bounty.

Ole marster didn't stint his means,  
But sont away to New Orleans  
An' got a private teachah—  
A man so good an' wise an' straight  
I allers thought he'd do fust-rate  
To make a Babtis' preachah.

Dey larnt so much, an' growed so fas'  
Hit mad me sad—I knowed at las',  
An' so'ly felt de warnin',  
Dey gwine to leave me, too, an' go  
Out in de worl' to reap an' sow,  
Some monst'ous 'arly mawnin'.

Den one thing please me mighty well;

One night I ovahearn Frank tell  
Miss Gerry how he love her;  
He talk so sweet about his love  
An' swar dat she's his turtle-dove  
By all de stars above her.

Hit made me smile. Ise hearn dat talk  
Mos' evah sense dat I could walk  
Thoo all dese ginerations;  
But dat's de talk—you knows it, too—  
Dat holps dis world of ourn thoo  
An' populates de nations.

I hearn him sing to her one night  
An' thum de banjo sof' and light  
Dis song, so sweet and' fetchin',  
Dat I ain' blame her nary bit  
Fur kissin' him fur singin' hit  
Fur sho'ly it wuz ketchin':

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### WHERE MY HONEY SLEEPS.

Soft the Southern moon is shining,  
Sly the star of evening peeps  
Through the honeysuckles twining  
'Round the window where she sleeps—  
Where my honey true love sleeps.  
Gently, now, the wind is blowing;  
'Mong the leaves the dewdrop gleams,  
And the scent of roses growing  
Fills the sweetness of her dreams,  
And her face with love's light beams.

Now, my mocking-bird, sing true,  
Tho' the old owl hoots, " 'To Who? "  
And the ring-dove says, " Not You! "  
So the mock-bird's softly trilling,  
From his trembling heart and mouth;  
That sweet song, my soul is thrilling,  
For my honey, 'way down South.

Down the winding river, drifting,  
I am coming, love, to you;  
Through the trees the moonlight's sifting,  
'Cross my dug-out, gum canoe—  
Coming, honey-love, to you;  
In the deep, dark woods, a-hiding,  
Pipes the whining whip-poor-will,  
All the other birds a chiding,  
With his 'plaining, " Still-be-still,"  
Like my heart, old whip-poor-will.

---

But Roy, he finds de secret out,  
An' raves, an' stawms, an' t'ars about  
Mos' dre'ful, to my notion,  
An' marster p'intedly goes wile  
An' swar he gwine to shoot de chile,  
An' rages like de ocean.

Dey rave at Frank an' fume an' sizz,  
An' say dey dunno who he is  
An' treat him monst'ous bad, suh;  
But Frank, he kep' his tempah down—

He even doan' so much as frown,  
But jis' look sorter sad, suh.

An' den dey tells him to his face  
He done has got to leave de place;  
An' den he look heart-broken,  
An' say he nevah could er seen  
'Twuz wrong to love Miss Geraldine;  
He say it suh, outspoken.

But still he packed an' went away,  
An' jis about de follerin' day  
Miss Geraldine wuz missin'.  
Laws bless you! Roy an' marster too,  
Wuz monst'ous hot; now, I tell *you*,  
Dey jis' wuz fairly sizzin'.

An' marster sw'ar he b'lieve a cuss,  
Or somepen', maybe, dat is wuss,  
Wuz on de house a-layin';  
An' Roy, he gwine ter take a gun  
An' shoot dat Frank 'fo' mawnin' sun—  
Dat's what eh wuz a-sayin'.

Den I comes up, an' mighty peart,  
Kase I doan want dem chillen hurt,  
An' say it mos' severely:  
"I believe, as firm as any rock,  
Dat Frank aint from no common stock,"  
An' cl'ar it mos' sincerely.

Den Marster look at me as cool

An' say he think dat I'm a fool —  
In fac', he simply know it;  
He say, wid anger in his eyes,  
"Ef you's so mighty, monst'ous wise,  
Why doan' you try to show it?"

Right dar an' den de wises' thought  
Dis po' ole niggah evah caught  
Went thoo my head a-flyin';  
Down to de quarters, suh, I went,  
Jis' like a doctah who wuz bent  
To see somebody dyin'.

I busted open dat ole chis',  
An' to de bottom run my fis'  
An' dug up dat bandanner  
What Frank had guv to me befo',  
Wid all his trinkets, years ago,  
An' shouted one hosanner.

I dunno why dat I wuz led  
To git de notion in my head,  
But I was sho' possessed, suh,  
De Bible in dat little pack  
Would bring dem wand'rin' chillen back  
In marster's favor dressed, suh.

I tuck dat pack an' fa'rly flew,  
Like dese ole limbs wuz young an' new,  
An' 'stonished all dat seed me;  
Dey think Ise crazy, but I run  
Like Jacob gwine ter meet his son;  
I mosied—yes, indeedy!

Clean outen breath, an' almos' beat,  
I flung de pack at marster's feet,  
    An' Roy, he den ontied it;  
De Bible, hit wuz on de top;  
You oter seed ole marster stop  
    As soon, suh, as he spied it.

Wid trimblin' han' he tuck de book,  
An' at de fus' page tuck a look,  
    Den shouted, "Hallalooyah!"  
He read some words dat went like dis:  
"To my dear darter, wid a kiss,"  
    An' dat wuz signed "Ladue," suh!

Den lower down, Miss Sue had writ,  
In her sweet way, a little bit,  
    To give it to another:  
"To Frank, my noble little son,  
My darlin' boy an' only one,  
    From his fond, lovin' mother."

De shootin' talk den tuck a change,  
An' Roy an' marster 'gin to range  
    To smooth de trouble ovah;  
An' pooty soon de los' was foun',  
An' when de weddin' feas' went roun'  
    De darkies wuz in clovah.

Laws bless you! suh, hit made me glad  
To see de gorjus times we had—  
    Sich 'joy an' merry-makin';  
Ole marster p'intedly growed young,  
An' whooped an' laughed, an' danced an' sung—  
    But, dar, he is awakin'!

## CANTO THIRD.

—

## A PICTURE.

## I.

Bright boyhood times—its holidays and toys ;  
    Its sorrows great, as seen through youthful eyes  
Its earnest plans, its sweet and satiate joys ;  
    Ah ! dulcet season ! how it flies,  
    And then embalmed in mem'ry lies.

## II.

“Black Mammy” held its picture up to me—  
    An etching traced in lines of living light,  
And limned in colors lucent as the sea,  
    When 'neath the moonbeams soft and bright  
    It shimmers in a tropic night.

## III.

I caught the dear old soul within my arms,  
    Embraced her with an ecstasy of joy,  
As lover would a mistress rich of charms ;  
    She wondered, then exclaimed, “My boy !  
    God bless us ! you is Marster Roy !”

## THE HOLIDAY.

## I.

"Ole Marster" opened wide his eyes,  
That filled with ludicrous surprise,  
And hardly thought himself awake,  
To see a bearded stranger take  
    Such freedom on his grounds.  
"Hit's Marster Roy!" old Mammy cried,  
And tears of joy, in welling tide,  
Flowed down her dusky, wrinkled face,  
And grandpa gave me his embrace  
    With love that knew no bounds.

## II.

No better welcome ever ran  
To chieftain from his loyal clan  
Than that which, given there to me  
Beneath my father's old roof-tree,  
    Brought gladness to my heart.  
With youth my grandsire seemed anew;  
He took the dinner-horn and blew  
A mighty blast that echoed long,  
And sudden stopped the freedmen's song,  
    And gave Old Home a start.

## III.

'Twas something strange to call the hands,  
At such a time, from off the lands—  
With loyal fear of something wrong  
To those at home, the dusky throng



Rushed in the nearest way.  
"Old marster" told them that his boy,  
His long-lost grandson, "Marster Roy,"  
Had come to home and friends again;  
"And now," he said, "let pleasure reign—  
I give a holiday."

## IV.

A general shout the welkin rung,  
And then the darkies danced and sung—  
One grave old minstrel tuned his shell—  
A gourd banjo—most wondrous well  
To sing a home-made song.  
The "big house" furnished goodly cheer  
Of "white bread," jam and "'simmon beer."  
And, all impatient for the rhyme,  
The folks urge Cato, "Come to time!—  
Doan' chune de thing so long."

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## BANJO SONG.

## V.

Has you be'n heerd de banjo talk?  
Choonka-ching, choonka-ching;  
An' see de niggah walk de chalk?  
An' see de niggah lif' his feet  
To dat music, rich an' sweet?  
Choonka-ching, choonka-ching;

Oh, dat banjo—make us lif' dem feet;  
Oh, dat possum—good an' fat an' sweet;  
De niggah like to have a chance  
To 'possum-hunt an' sing an' dance—  
Choonka-ching, choonka-ching.

Has you be'n heerd de drivah sw'ar?  
Choonka-ching, choonka-ching;  
An' raise de niggah's kinky ha'r?  
An' see de niggah make de hoe  
Hum along de coting row?  
Choonka-chink, choonka-ching.

Oh, dat drivah—make us lif' dem feet;  
Oh, dat cane-fiel'—big an' broad an' sweet;  
What de niggah like to shun  
Am hoein' in de br'ilin' sun—  
Choonka-ching, choonka-ching.

## VI.

When Cato's banjo song was done,  
The "jawbone talkers'" work begun,  
And wagers high, of shucking pegs,  
And raven claws and rabbit legs,  
And other current pelf,  
Were laid in many an odd, queer batch,  
On this most unique singing match,  
Wherein each rival in his time  
Would sing, in certain tune, a rhyme  
Invented by himself.

## VII.

In such a contest, holding out  
'The longest in the rhyming bout  
Established high the dusky bard  
As winner in the tierce and guard  
    Of wordy, sing-song fight.  
Old Cato, Caesar, Luke and Eph  
Were of the talkers now the chief,  
And judged by Jube and Uncle Dan,  
Their doggerel diversely ran  
    Thus wildly to its height:

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## JAWBONE TALK.

## VIII.

*Luke:*

Whenever I gits started in  
I talks jawbone tell hit's sin;  
I talked jawbone from June tell June,  
An' some folks said I quit too soon.

*Refrain*—Ole Jawbone, do go home;  
    In come Jim with a josey on.

*Caesar:*

It ain't no use to try to quit  
When I falls in de jawbone fit;  
I talks so long and talks so fas'  
I comes out winner at de las'.

*Eph:*

You works a middlin' size hockbone,

Wid a good big chunk er hot cawn-pone,  
Heap better dan de jawbone song;  
You hear my sesso, gwine along.

*Cato:*

I talked jawbone till Chris'mas come,  
An' den had jis got started some;  
So hush yo' talk an' hear me sing,  
An' make de banjo fa'rly ring.

*Luke:*

Ole alligator on a log,  
Holdin' talk wid a big bull-frog;  
De alligator up an' say  
How dis a monst'ous pooty day.

*Caesar:*

Frog look wise an' say, "Jis' so;"  
He gwine down to de grocery sto'  
To buy some sugar fur to eat,  
He got a tooff so monst'ous sweet.

*Eph:*

Ole alligator say he sad,  
An' feelin' mighty pow'ful bad;  
What give him sich a sorry look,  
He done gone loss his pocket-book.

*Cato:*

Ole Mistah Frog he up an' 'low  
He doan like poor folks anyhow;  
De alligator give one jump  
An' swaller bull-frog in a lump.

*Luke:*

Now tell me, niggahs, ef you knows  
Of eatin' things de bes' dat grows;  
I flings a quarter up dat Eph  
On eatin' truck am 'bout de chief.

*Eph:*

Well, fus' come fresh young 'possum meat,  
Wid yaller yams, so good an sweet,  
An' den spring chicken rich an' fat,  
An' water-millions arter dat.

*Cato:*

No, suh; doan' think dat I'se a dunce  
To bet 'gin him dat names, at once,  
Mos' evah thing dar is on earth,  
'Cept what ain't mo' dan fo'pence worth.

## IX.

And so they went in endless rhyme —  
The other darkies keeping time  
And "pattin' juba," swinging 'round,  
Or rolling on the grassy ground,  
    Beneath the shady trees;  
When suddenly the merry peals  
Of fun were checked by carriage-wheels,  
The sound of which came rattling through  
The trees along the avenue,  
    Borne on the balmy breeze.

## X.

"De Guv'ner's come!" a dozen cried,  
And all, bare-headed, stood beside  
The clean and winding gravel drive,  
To see the honored guest arrive,  
    And help his party down.  
Two handsome drags drew up before  
The mansion's wide, inviting door;  
From one a troop of children light,  
With joyous faces, clear and bright,  
    And eyes of blue and brown.

## XI.

From out the other carriage came  
A man of noble mien and frame;  
Then following, a matron fair,  
With Geraldine's brown eyes and hair—  
    The father and the mother.  
My grandsire's eyes were bright with joy;  
Presenting me, he said, "Sir Roy,  
This is the Governor of the State,  
And this the helpful wife and mate  
    To Frank, your foster brother."

## XII.

Such greetings, and such love and joy,  
Such happiness without alloy,  
As filled the dear old homestead then  
Are never writ by mortal pen,  
    But by the angels sung.

With merry memories, the day  
On pleasure's wings flew fast away,  
And night's dark mantle, star-begemmed,  
And forest-fringed, horizon-hemmed,  
Was o'er the heavens flung.

## XIII.

In blest reunion, late that night,  
We sat within the soft twilight  
Of brightest stars, beneath the trees  
And in the perfume-laden breeze  
That played the leaves among.  
White-haired old mammy's heart was filled  
So full, her loving lips were stilled,  
When Frank took Cato's rude old shell  
And in a voice like silver bell  
So softly, sweetly sung:

---

## THE GOVERNOR'S SONG.

## XIV.

O Geraldine! my darling queen,  
I hear all day thy dear old songs,  
And with them comes each happy scene  
That with their memory belongs.  
I hear the notes of "Dixie's Land,"  
And "Swanee River's" tender air,  
"La Marseillaise," so strong and grand,  
The pathos of the "Maiden's Prayer."

O Geraldine! sweet Geraldine!

The years may come, the years may go,  
But ever live in memory green

The dear old songs of long ago.

O Geraldine! my darling wife,

I bless the day that brought me here,  
And that when you became the life

And soul of all that I hold dear;

The pomp and pride of high estate,

The honors that to rank belong,

Will ever in my bosom wait

To hear from thee one dear old song.

---

GOOD BYE.

XV.

And now, good-bye, old Southern home,

And rest thee, Southern harp;

Through all the world I'm called to roam

Where winds are chill and sharp.

Thy shell shall be my solace sweet

When to the heart I turn,

And memory will hold complete

Home love within her urn.



## HUMOROUS VERSE

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### THE SONGS THEY SING.

Among the people of our land  
There is a happy Gideon band,  
That knows the nearest way to bliss,  
And talk and sing somewhat like this:

JACQUES.

Vive! la belle France! Je t'aime tres bon;  
So s'all I sing alway, by gar!  
She is ze land of wine and song;  
She's Johnnie Crapaud's life and star.  
Ah-mer-e-cah, he's vera free,  
An' mooch I like him, too, nida!  
Mais non compare, mon cher ami,  
Wiz zat fair land I speak, voila!

Na-po-le-on, he vip ze worl';  
He was ze pride of la belle France;  
He's eagle fly, he's flag unfurl  
Vereso ze Old Guard poise he's lance.  
An' ven ze song of Rouge' de Lisle  
Ring in ze air, ze Frenchman's craze;  
Zat lif he's soul from head to heel,  
Zat glory song, La Marseillaise.

*Allons, enfans de la patrie,  
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé;  
 Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
 L'étendard sanglant est levé;  
 L'étendard sanglant est levé.  
 Entendez-vous, dans la campagne  
 Mugir ces féroces soldats?  
 Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,  
 Egorger nos fils et nos compagnes!  
 Aux armes, citoyens; Formez vos bataillons;  
 Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur,  
 Abreuve nos sillons!  
 Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur,  
 Abreuve nos sillons!*

---

HANS.

Of dot fair landt vare flow de Rhine,  
 De lager beer he flow dare too.  
 Unt Liebfraumlilch und Hockheim vine  
 Iss plendy, das ich saght by you,  
 Unt pretzels, speck and sauer-kraut,  
 You got dem best of faderland,  
 Mit moosic dot vas all about,  
 Von Vagner und de German band.  
  
 Yah, Bonaparte mak trouble—true—  
 But Bismarck und King Villiam clean  
 Dot trouble up, ven Prussian blue  
 Go settle down on Paris green.  
 Vell, Prosit! unt' Gesundheit! viel;  
 Up mit der glass, down mit der vine!

Und ven der band begin to spiel,  
Sing, loud und strong, Die Wacht am  
Rhein.

*Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall.  
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall,  
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein,  
Wer will des Stromes Huter sein?  
Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,  
Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;  
Fest steht und treu, die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!  
Fest steht und treu, die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!*

---

PAT.

There niver was and niver will  
Be such another place on earth  
As Ireland, to get a fill  
Of song and dance and hearty mirth.  
Arrah! bedad! I'll tell yees phwat,  
It's sure the place wan should be born;  
Ye couldn't pick a betther spot,  
And yet it is a land forlorn.

Dear Father Prout sang all about  
Swate Erin and her lakes and dells,  
And niver wance was there a doubt  
Av all the good that histry tells.  
Faith, all the truth could not be told  
Of Irish girls—the heart's own queens—

Of King Boru and warriors bold,  
**And Sweet Killarney's charming scenes.**

*By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
 Emerald isles and winding bays,  
 Mountain paths and woodland dells,  
 Mem'ry ever fondly strays;  
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,  
 Beauty wanders everywhere,  
 Footprints leaves on many strands,  
 But her home is surely there.  
 Angels fold their wings and rest  
 In that Eden of the West,  
 Beauty's home, Killarney,  
 Ever fair Killarney.*

---

SANDY.

Auld Scotia, Land o' Cakes and ale,  
 And lasses fair and bonnie,  
 I'd rank ye first of all I've seen,  
 And, mind ye, I've seen monnie.  
 Fra Highland glen to Lowland moor,  
 Ye cauld na help but loo it,  
 An' a' her sons, when far awa',  
 Their hearts are turnin' to it.

The songs o' Burns keep well the path  
 To where his Highland Mary  
 Lies sleeping by the auld-time kirk,

An' mem'ries fondly tarry  
Where Afton flows, an' banks o' Doon  
Wi' heather bloom are flow'ry,  
An' melts the heart when pipers play  
The song o' Annie Laurie:

“Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,  
Where early falls the dew,  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true.”

---

## UNCLE SAM.

Gol-darn my furry old plug-hat!  
You chaps are boastin' loud;  
But me and mine will stand plumb pat,  
And sassy, game and proud,  
For instance and because there ain't,  
Nowhere in this round world,  
A flag as fair, that art can paint,  
As “Glory” when unfurled.

And as for songs, we've got 'em all  
For every man's a king,  
The middlin' size, sawed-off or tall,  
And all my folks can sing  
The good old song that suits 'em, See?  
And that which comes most handy,  
But for your Uncle, what suits me  
Is “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”

*Yankee Doodle came to town,  
 Upon a little pony;  
 He stuck a feather in his hat  
 And called it Macaroni.  
 Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle Dandy;  
 Yankee Doodle keep it up and with the girls be handy*

---

RASTUS.

Hear me holler an' hear me sing;  
 Jis hearken to de banjo hum;  
 I sho' will cut dat pigeon-wing,  
 An' laugh, an' shout tell kingdom come.  
 De songs wese got in dis yer lan'  
 Is boun' to suit mos' any case;  
 Wese picked um up to beat de ban',  
 F'um ev'ry tribe an' ev'ry place.

An' mighty men—Oh, nevah mind—  
 Wese got um plenty, dat's er fack—  
 Jones an' Smifs, an' all er dem kind;  
 White an' red, an' yaller, an' black.  
 We all's done fit an' done made up,  
 An' now de ain' no Norf er Souf,  
 En's got one song dat takes de cup,  
 Kase hit'll fit mos' any mouf.

*Way dozen South, in de lan' of cotton,  
 Old-time friends are not forgotten,  
 Look away! Look away! Look away!  
 Dixie land.*

## DOLLY WAS.

With eyes always a laughing,  
    'Neath a shock of flaxen hair,  
That fell about her shoulders—  
    My soul caught in the snare—  
Her lips forever pouting,  
    With a kiss just out of reach,  
'Deed my Dolly was a darling,  
    A pansy and a peach.

But oh, how changed is Dolly !  
    She's old, and fat, and gray ;  
She's mother and she's granny,  
    And her laugh has gone away ;  
Her cares are big and many,  
    And she scolds and frets at each,  
But Dolly was a darling,  
    A pansy and a peach.

Dolly's form was like a Hebe  
    And her laugh was music sweet ;  
She was dimpled, fair and rosy ;  
    She was daring and discreet,  
And she was the luscious lesson  
    That love alone can teach.  
Oh ! she was a dulcet darling,  
    A pansy and a peach.

But oh, how changed is Dolly ;  
    She's wrinkled, cross and sad ;  
She wears her hair a top-knot,

And her flattened feet are clad  
In frayed out, sloppy slippers,  
And her voice is sure a screech,  
But Dolly was a darling,  
A pansy and a peach.

---

### WHEN THE PREACHER COMES.

When the preacher comes to our house,  
I tell you I am glad,  
An' mother, she is happy too,  
But pappy's sorter mad;  
An' turkeys, they looks sorter skeered,  
An' chickens, they looks sad.  
An' Ailsie—she is our cook—  
W'y she is simply bad.

But there is where my luck comes in,  
For mother lets me be,  
An' pap is hoppin', cussin' 'roun',  
Not thinkin' 'tall of me;  
An' all the hind-side of the place  
Is upset, don't you see?  
So I'm as happy as a bird,  
An' jis about as free.

At night I has, jis what I want,  
A pallet on the floor;  
It's cool, an' sof' an' roomy,  
An' why it suits me more,  
Its laid down in the parlor,



Where I kin shet the door,  
So's I won't keep all waken' up  
By pappy's awful snore.

At mealtimes they's hot biscuits,  
At dinner, chicken pie,  
An' turkey-hash at breakfas'—  
But don't I make it fly!  
For mother, she don't stop me, when  
The preacher-man is nigh,  
But pappy has to take his tods,  
Down cellar, on the sly.

Oh! they's fine times at we-all's house,  
When that good preacher's here.  
I wish that he would come an' stay  
For pooty nigh a year,  
So's pappy could git used to it,  
For he's so awful queer  
He licks me like the dickins,  
When the preacher he ain't here.

---

### JIM MARLINSPIKE.

Jim Marlinspike was a castaway,  
On a far-off island shore;  
He floated there on a banjo-box,  
And a shirt was all he wore—  
If you should bar a startled look,  
And a pain that then was his,

For too much damp had left with Jim  
A touch of the rheumatiz.

But Jim was a man of "Tapley" stripe,  
And when things worried him,  
He always looked at the pleasant side,  
For that was the way with Jim,  
And so it gave him joy, indeed,  
When on that lonely shore,  
He found his banjo in the box—  
He asked for nothing more.

Some would'er pined for a bite to eat,  
Or a suit of hand-me-downs,  
But Jim just played his old banjo,  
And laughed at Fortune's frowns.  
The trade winds played at hide-and-seek  
With the skirt of Jim's brief shirt,  
But he sat on a rock and played banjo,  
And he played it, too, right peart.

The pine trees there were pine enough  
For such a man as him;  
Not a soul on land, nor one on sea,  
Was a'bothering much of Jim.  
The most contented man on earth,  
Or, eke upon the sea,  
Was that same jack-tar, Marlinspike,  
With his banjo on his knee.

Old Crusoe pined for lots of things,  
When in that selfsame fix;

He wanted friendship, home, and such,  
To Jim all these were "nix."  
He'd never known where he was born,  
And what's more, didn't care,  
And friendship he had seemed to think  
Was a thing that didn't wear.

Therefore he stayed and gaily played  
To whales and little fish;  
And old Saint Tony never had  
A crowd more to his wish.  
At last one day, his G string broke,  
And with that came a pain  
That broke his heart, for now he thought,  
He'd never play again.

So then he pined, from day to day,  
A sorely troubled soul;  
How glad he'd given his very last shirt  
To make the G string whole.  
He pined for a place where he could buy  
Another such a string;  
But hope was lost and Jim sat down  
His death song for to sing.

A tender-hearted monster heard  
Poor Marlinspike's sad wail—  
The great big mammal-fish that's called  
The true and righteous whale;  
And straight away his whaleship went,  
Right down to Whatcom flats,  
And brought him back a gunny-sack,  
Cramfull of all size cats.

The G cat and the B cat too,  
Likewise the slender E,  
And wire to make the big A strings,  
A cargo full, took he,  
And then he hied him fast away.  
To Jim's lone island shore,  
And threw his string-truck on the beach  
And laughed till he was sore.

Now when Jim Marlinspike beheld  
What this good whale had done  
He knew that 'mong the mammal sort  
A real friend he'd won.  
Jim wiped his red and weeping eyes,  
And tuned his shell once more,  
And Jim is playing yet, I think,  
Upon that island shore.

---

#### THE AUTHOR OF A CHECK.

'Way down in Indiana, and throughout the rolling  
earth,  
Are them who write of everything since Old Creation's  
birth,  
And other things, that never will appear for us to see,  
But there's one kind of author that I'd think I'd like  
to be;  
The author of a check;  
A great big, healthy check,  
As good as old wheat in the mill,

And strong enough to meet a bill,  
Or make a total wreck  
Of every debt that shows its face,  
Without a single day of grace.

Yes ! ! !

Of all the authors in the deck  
I'd be the author of a check,  
A big, six-figured check.

Some authors write of history, and some of love and  
art,

While others write such poetry it sometimes breaks a  
heart.

But he that has a bank account can win more—don't  
you see?—

Of hearts and all the things we need; so I would like  
to be

The author of a check;  
Then a gallon, or a peck,  
Of bright gold eagles I would take  
From some good bank, and I would make  
Things hum—I rather 'spec?—  
In raising fun and drowning woe,  
Before the time we had to go.

Oh, let them write their bravest stuff, of poetry and  
prose,

And do their realistic best, on happiness and woes,  
And all the virtues, sins and such, since Eve robbed  
Eden's tree,

But in among the author push I think I'd rather be  
The author of a check,

And that's the fix you're in."  
And much distraught in mind.  
That would break Old Hard Times' neck,  
Then I could have all sorts of things  
From auto-cars to jolly flings,  
    With nabobs at my beck.  
And do a world of good also,  
For many needy ones I know.

Yes ! ! !

Of all the authors in the deck,  
I'd be the author of a check,  
A large, six-figured check.

---

### GO EASY.

An old gray man on an old gray horse  
Came riding down the lane ;  
Said the old gray man to the old gray horse :  
" Your gait gives me a pain."

Said the old gray horse to the old gray man :  
" You've grown so plaguey thin,  
You don't know when your seat is soft,

" I'll teach you better talk than that,"  
Said the old gray man, quite huff ;  
And he beat that old gray horse full hard  
With his stick so long and tough.

The old gray horse reared up in front,  
And then kicked up behind ;  
The old gray man fell off in the mud,

Said the old gray horse to the old gray man,  
With a long and horsey smile:  
“ You’ll find that seat full soft enough,”  
And he trotted many a mile.

The old gray man walked home that night,  
The horse no supper got.  
They growled no more from thence, I ween,  
But lived in peace, I wot.

---

### A FISH TALE.

One day when I went a fishin’,  
I sat in the shade and was wishin’  
I’d catch a big shark,  
That was out on a lark,  
All filled up with chink and the rhino.

I caught that old shark in my dreamin’  
And went on a time that was screamin’,  
He furnished the gelt,  
But, blame his old pelt!  
He left me somewhere, in hoc signo.

Now when I woke up from that dreamin’  
‘The blazin’ hot sun was a streamin’  
Down on my bald head,  
Till I was near dead,  
And my traps were all gone—blest if I know!

## ONE MORE VALENTINE.

Long I've told you, once a year,  
Sweet, my valentine,  
How I've loved you, honey, dear,  
How for you I pine.  
I have rhymed you every way :  
Called you Columbine,  
Swore you were my night and day,  
Asked you to be mine,  
Sweet, my valentine.

And I've called those lasses up—  
All the Muses, Nine ;  
Had them with me drink and sup,  
Sweet, my valentine ;  
Begged them help me, little one,  
At the nuts and wine,  
Write a song that, when 'twas done,  
Love would through it shine,  
For my valentine.

By the altar of thy beauty ;  
At the virgin shrine,  
Have I knelt in loyal duty,  
Praying you'd be mine ;  
And I've sworn the form of Hebe  
Was not so divine,  
Nor had she, fair Queen of Sheba,  
Near such grace as thine,  
Sweet, my valentine.



Once a year, I've sent you, darling,  
Such a song and sign;  
Made your voice outvie the starling;  
Lips like ruby wine.  
Now, I'd make this one day all days,  
And, sweet valentine,  
Ask you be my loved one always,  
Mine, and only mine;  
My own valentine.

Yes, I wish all intervening  
Days could brightly shine  
On our love, and ever meaning,  
Just one valentine,  
So that thus 'twill be forever,  
Love of mine and thine  
Shall grow closer yet together,  
Clinging as a vine,  
Sweet, my valentine.

---

### HALE ONE, ALL HAIL!

An aged man the caller was,  
But only old in years,  
His eyes to love bouts twinkled aye,  
And e'er were true his ears.  
His arms were strong, his steps were light—  
Up steps were even fleet—  
And many a walking feat he did  
With his two nimble feet.

His heart was big, also his mouth,  
And everybody knows  
His nose was red, and we have read  
It brought him oft to blows.  
He was a "dark-complected" man,  
But he was always fair,  
And tho' he was fore-handed, yet  
He only had a pair.

His hat was broad, and soft, and low,  
But high enough, at that—  
The dealer said—and beaus oft craved  
The bow of his cravat.  
His shoes were polished out of sight  
And polished well, to boot—  
He did it while alone—and aye,  
His suit was black as soot.

Whenever he addressed himself  
To business in the town,  
He dressed himself for all that's up,  
Then freely he came down.  
He'd buy a gold-brick, every time  
But never once he won,  
Tho' once he bought a rug so rare  
He found himself well done.

If one were very, very sick,  
And this man knew him well,  
He'd sell his coat to help him out,  
Tho' he went to a cell.  
His soul was big enough to heal

The minor faults he had;  
'Tho' he was never false, he felt  
Quite good toward the bad.

He loved a lass, but ah, alas!  
The maid did not concur,  
For he was bald; that hirsute dearth,  
'Twas plain, did not suit her.  
And so he lived, all through his life,  
In single blessedness,  
But doubled up his gold and gear,  
And pulled along—I guess.

---

#### DON'T SAW YOURSELF OFF OF A LIMB.

There was a young man who climbed up a tree,  
And he was as healthy as healthy could be;  
But now he's a sight that is sorry to see,  
And, oh, I would hate to be him!

He was pruning a tree to encourage its health,  
To make it bear better, and swell his own wealth,  
But sorrow came to him, wolf-like in its stealth,  
When he sawed himself off of a limb.

The man who is doing quite well at his trade,  
Should always stick to it, and not be afraid  
That Fortune, the fickle and fussy old jade,  
Can injure his chance in the swim.

But when he lets go what he knows how to do,  
And jumps into something that's too very new,  
He finds himself done in a pretty hot stew—  
He has sawed himself off of a limb.

It pays to be honest, and active, and true;  
To pay unto Cæsar whatever's his due;  
And always on honor to tighten your clew,  
Then do what you do with a vim.

But if ever you make with your good name a slip;  
On every-day decency let go your grip,  
You'll find yourself flat on the devil's black hip—  
You have sawed yourself off of a limb.

The man who is healthy and wealthy, if wise,  
Will never the poor and the humble despise;  
For his money might feather, take wings and arise,  
And drop him to earth with a bim!

And then when he feels of his bruises and breaks  
And thinks of the number and sort of mistakes  
A fool with a pile that's too big for him makes,  
He knows he's sawed off of a limb.

Be true to yourself, and as certain as fate,  
You'll always be going a good winning gait,  
And blessings will fall on your frosty old pate  
When age makes your peepers grow dim.

And then at the end of your life's little span  
You'll smile at the way things promise to pan,  
And die a contented and happy old man,  
Who was never sawed off of a limb.

## THE GIRL WITH THE VASSAR SWING.

You see her on the boulevard, to-day ;  
    'Mong the lilies and the violets, to-night ;  
To-morrow, by the lakeside far away,  
    And everywhere she's happy, gay and bright.  
She is witty, she is wise and discreet ;  
All charm, from her head to pretty feet ;  
    But the captivating thing  
    Is the way her garments cling  
To her lovely form, so willowy and neat—  
    She's the girl with the fetchy, Vassar swing.

She's the poetry of motion, in a whirl ;  
A diamond, a ruby and a pearl.  
    With her chatter and her song,  
    She moves the world along,  
And the laddies' hearts are dizzy in the swirl.  
    She is swell, and a real jolly thing ;  
    She's a bird upon the breezes and the wing ;  
She's the girl with that fetchy, Vassar swing.

'Tis the time in the century for her,  
    Though she's always in the world, bless her soul.  
Life's fragrance in its roses and its myrrh  
    And we lift to her the ruddy, flowing bowl.  
She comes with every season, something new,  
But she's ever, never-failing, good and true,  
    And just now, the proper thing  
    Is the way the lassies bring  
The fascinating lines of grace to view,  
    With the swerve of that fetchy, Vassar swing.

## THE MODERN STEED.

In olden time my gran'dad's horse  
    Stood patient at the gate,  
And sometimes at a post, in town,  
    Throughout the day, he'd wait ;  
For gran'dad brooked no telling when  
    'Twas time for him to go ;  
And though 'twas said that he was fast,  
    Times were when he was slow.

For politics, he had a turn—  
    Not as a candidate—  
And when he argued on that line  
    The waiter waited late ;  
And he believed his faithful horse  
    Adopted all his creed,  
And felt content to wait, all night,  
    Bereft of drink and feed.

And though gran'dad was passing kind,  
    'Twas plain upon its face  
That often he forgot his horse  
    And all the equine race.  
Full many times—though but a boy—  
    I felt for that old bay,  
Who shivered many a stormy night,  
    And sweltered many a day.

So, when I grew to be a man,  
    I vowed that I would be  
More careful of the horse I rode

And faithfully served me ;  
No empty stomach should he have,  
No flies should sting and goad  
The goodly steed that I would have  
To bear me on the road.

Today I ride with greater ease  
Than gran'dad ever knew,  
And make the miles along the road  
As he could never do.  
My horse is "tired," I'll admit,  
The livelong day and night,  
And yet his gait is just the same,  
And he as fresh and bright.

He goes forever and a day,  
And never wants a feed,  
But often needs a rubbing down—  
This tireless "tired" steed.  
Yet, when my horse gets out of wind,  
He stops right then and there,  
And one must blow for such a horse  
A fresh supply of air.

He runs with people who are wise,  
Yet he is often green ;  
Tho' sometimes black, he's always light ;  
And it is daily seen  
That though he goes the swiftest pace,  
He cannot stand alone,  
And though he'll live a hundred years,  
He has no flesh or bone.

This horse will carry anyone,  
Who first has learned to ride,  
But down he lies with other folk;  
And, lest you think I've lied,  
Pray let me, now, his tale unfold,  
And close this double deal;  
I sing the steed that needs no feed,  
The motor-cycle wheel.

---

## CUT IT OUT.

When things go wrong, don't worry—  
Cut it out.

There is waste in every hurry—  
Cut it out.

Be as quiet as you can;  
Be a self-dependent man,  
And when a scheme won't pan,  
Cut it out.

Don't get mixed up in a scandal,  
Cut it out.

If a thing's too big to handle,  
Cut it out.

From a temper to a corn;  
From spite to love forlorn;  
From a weakness to a thorn,  
Cut it out.

Don't herd with common cattle—  
Cut it out.



Never stoop to silly prattle—  
Cut it out.  
Don't go hunting for a fight;  
Keep your honor ever bright;  
Anything that is not right—  
Cut it out!

---

## SANDY McCANN.

To say that the hair of young Sandy McCann  
Was auburn, was putting it fine, for the man  
Had a head that just blazed, like the bird that we see  
A 'driving his bill in the cottonwood tree.  
But Sandy delighted to stray from his home  
And wander about 'neath the blue ether dome.

'Twas thus it once happened, when near his life's  
prime,  
That Sandy was gone such a very long time—  
A decade or more—that his business and kin  
Much needed to know of the parts he was in.  
And thus the great search was so ably begun  
To find the locale of the wandering one.

His starting was traced to a place where a man,  
Had met on the Mexican border, McCann,  
And a girl with red hair, about sixteen or so,  
Said her father was Sandy, and ten years ago,  
As she had oft heard, from her mother's own mouth,  
Had shouldered his traps and had gone further south.

So trav'ling along, through the land of the sun,  
Where people were gen'rally black-haired and dun,  
One day they brought up, with a well-founded joy,  
At a ranch where they saw a bright, red-headed boy,  
Whose name was McCann, but his father, he said,  
Left six years before and they thought he was dead.

Undaunted, the searchers forwent needed rest  
And pushed further south, with their clue and their  
quest,  
'Till, worn out and hungry, one blazing hot day,  
Far down in Tabasco on Campeachy Bay,  
They ran into cover a red-headed child,  
Unkempt and disheveled, and very near wild.

But Sandy, the papa, had traveled some more,  
So footsore and weary they turned from the shore,  
Back over the mountains and on to the plain,  
In hope to recover the trail once again,  
And fortune soon blest, with its fullness, their zeal,  
And turned threatened woe to the welcomest weal.

On a rough, wooden bench, by a "dobey's" deep door,  
One eve, at the gloam, they saw Sandy once more.  
He trotted a red-headed babe on his knee,  
And sang an old song, with great gusto and glee,  
So this is the story, about as it ran,  
Of the fiery trail of one Sandy McCann.

## CLUB SONG.

(Air: "*Benny Haven, or Wearing of the Green.*")

Here's a health to all the fellows here,  
Join in the swinging song.  
We'll drop the shop and clock the stop,  
And sound the dizzy gong;  
We'll make the welkin ring awhile,  
And take the time in tow  
To ring the bell for merry—well,  
Until the roosters crow.

## CHORUS

"The Press Club of Chicago,  
Hip, hip, hurrah! High oh!  
We'll knock dull Care and lift his hair,  
And bust Old Nick and Co.

There is not a band of fellows on  
This laughter loving earth,  
Who gather more of fun, galore,  
And calorific mirth.  
When we form the band of Gilead,  
And hit the gait we know,  
We make things hump, and bump the  
dumps,  
With a hip, hurrah! High oh!

Here's to all the good old chaps we know—  
Wherever they may go,  
That lift the bowl and trill a troll,  
Or knead a little dough.

We wish you luck, from A to Oz,  
And want you all to know  
We don't forget the game old set  
In the land of Weal or Woe.

---

### A CRITIC'S REWARD.

Zo-i-lus was a critic,  
In very ancient days,  
And he dearly loved to pounce upon  
Another fellow's lays;  
So to Apollo, one fine day,  
A fearful screed he took  
In which he'd torn the flinders  
From another fellow's book.

"And could you find no good, at all?"  
Appollo asked the critic.  
The latter rolled his milky eyes,  
And in a breath mephitic  
From long confinement, musty rooms,  
And places dank and sad,  
Declared himself: "I know no good;  
'Tis mine to seek the bad."

Then the god gave to the critic  
A bundle—with a laugh—  
" 'Tis wheat unwinnowed; you may have,  
For your reward, the chaff."

## LOCHINVAR UP TO DATE.

Young Lochinvar loved Lettie Larue,  
From tip of her plume to toe of her shoe,  
And Lettie loved him with a love that was true,  
As any sweet girl is expected to do.  
But Mr. Larue, he coppered the plan  
Of Lettie, and eke her love-nutty young man,  
And he knocked the whole scheme—from Izzard to An,  
As only a stern, old he-parent can.

But Lochinvar and his Lettie so sweet,  
Were wise in the thing and they played it discreet.  
Young Lochy brought out his new auto so fleet,  
And they scooted while papa was toasting his feet.  
The slim crescent moon hung aslant in the sky,  
When Lettie and bandbox were doing goodbye  
To home, from a ladder that reached pretty high;  
And so, with her Lochy, did sweet Lettie fly.

When Papa Larue found out what was done,  
He yelled at the pair, who were making a run,  
But that was no good, so he gathered his gun  
And started to shoot up that buttin' in son.  
The motor car shot like a dart from a bow  
And scurried away thru' the beautiful snow.  
The angry old man, when he saw the car go,  
Remarked, while he cussed: "Well, I'm glad he ain't  
slow."

Pop's horse was not in the race at the pace  
That Lochy and Lettie were going—nor place,

Or a showing—and soon face to face,  
They stood for the parson, who welded the brace.  
When Papa came swinging around the last curve,  
He saw he was out, but the elegant nerve  
Of Lochy was such that he felt his heart swerve  
Toward the young man—which was good to observe.

Then Lettie and Loch met Pop at the door,  
But Pop was not thirsting for Lochinvar's gore:  
"Shake," he said, "youngster, I've seen you before."  
And Lettie kissed Pop, and then Lochy—some more.

## ENVOI.

'Tis late in the day for the horse in the play  
Of Love and Elopement. The good old sleigh  
Was once the whole thing, but this is to say:  
Take the automobile for a sure get-a-way.

---

## THE SHAMPIRE.

(With Apologies to R. Kipling.)

A man there was and he wrote some rot—  
Even as you or I—  
He always caught a fad on the spot,  
And worked it for all that was in it, God wot!  
Whether it was good, or bad, or what.  
(He'll suffer by-and-bye.)

He parodied every poem that came,  
And did it monstrosly bad,

Kiser or Stanton, just the same,  
Or Riley—the fellow had no shame—  
And Multitudinous was his name;  
This duck who was rhyming mad.

Oh, the wear of it! Oh, the tear of it!  
Woful it grew at last,  
Till the editor-man called in his clan  
And placed the scribbler under the ban,  
And they roasted him in their roasting-pan,  
With cries of "Avast! Avast!"

It was not the sin that all begin,  
In the callow days of youth,  
To write some things and sing some things,  
In rhyme that jingles and swings and rings,  
To sweeten a girl, or make some flings  
At something absurd, forsooth.

But the sin he wrought, that he hadn't ought,  
(The unforgivable crime)  
Was a bringing back, in a way to wrack  
The immortal soul with a cruel whack,  
Poetic form, with ever a lack  
Of common sense in the rhyme.

---

#### A HUNK OF OLD KAIN TUCK.

Amid the green Kentucky hills and melody that rings  
From woodland aisles, where Bob White pipes and

Robin gaily sings,  
Where comes so softly from afar the tender wail of  
love,  
The gentle calling to her mate of waiting turtle-dove;  
Where Meadow Lark swings on the top of tasselled  
mullen stalk,  
And says his say to Mr. Jay, who sends back "sassy"  
talk,  
And where, at night, Old Whip-poor-Will, down in  
the thicket, whines,  
And Cricket chirps to cheer him up, and morning-  
glory vines  
Are climbing lines and trellises, and flowers bright  
and gay  
From poppy, red, to pink-faced rose, bespangle all  
the way.

Here, in a valley, twixt the hills and bordered by a  
stream,  
That whirls along beneath the shade of sycamores that  
gleam  
With white arms, through the foliage, and graceful  
willows bend  
To kiss the purling water's lips, and where the breezes  
send  
The odors of the scented woods upon the air of Night;  
Where Nature in her sweetest moods is laden with  
delight—  
Amid such fair and lovely scenes, outspread on every  
hand,  
From stream and wood and flowered lawn, and verdant  
meadow-land,



I strolled one day not long ago, beside a solid girl  
Who said she'd bet that I was blind when I called her  
a pearl.

"I'm just a hunk of Old Kentuck," she said with pride  
and glee,  
"And any man that's wise would say: 'That's good  
enough for me!'"

---

## AN ACADIAN IDYL.

W'yfo' you ask me dat, 'bout Lucie, gel?  
You know some thing 'bout heem an' me?  
Eef I think dat, by gar, I bus' yo' face,  
Eef not, pardonnez, Moos-soo, oui.

Oh, gee!—how say you dat?—I love dees gel,  
An' much I think, he love me some,  
'Till wan fine day he 'lope, 'way in de night,  
Wid—what you call?—wan Major Drum.

Yez, yez!—you right—drum major—vera tall,  
An' pitch wan pole 'way up an' down,  
'Long fron' de ban', till sho you think he own  
De street, an maybe, all de town.

Dees Major Drum—oui—yaz—I onnerstan'—  
Drum major—well, some time he come,  
Some mo', 'long fron' dat minstrel ban', herebout,  
Den I bus' heem—what you call?—plumb!

De ban'—dem udder man dat play on horn—  
Dey'll heem pick up an' wonder some—  
'Cause he is loss, beeg hat an' all—an' guess,  
    W'ere ees he gone, dat Major Drum?

My love ees gone—twice gone—gone out my heart,  
    An' gone wid dat bum Major Drum;  
An' nex' I know, 'way down in Or-lee-ans,  
    Dat gel be sellin' some kine gum.

An' maybe den, wan market day, some time,  
    I gone wid melon—maybe shoat—  
An' see dat gel, an' feel so mad an' wile,  
    I turn dat—w'at you call?—de goat.

Eef so dat ees, I buy de gum, all out,  
    An' Lucie, he come home wid me,  
Den s'all I willin' be de goat—or mule—  
    Af Lucie say it—yaz sir-ee

# SONGS OF WAR AND PEACE

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## THE DOVE.

'Twas a weary day of marching in the sun,  
'Neath a chafing weight of haversack and gun,  
    And we heard the roar of fight,  
    As we dragged into the night,  
Wicked, thirsty, hungry, dusty, gray and dun.  
    Words were few, and barely muttered—  
    Not a kindly one was uttered,  
But we halted, near the morning, in the dark,  
Where torn and tumbled heapings, black and stark,  
    The awful driftings lay,  
    Swept down from yesterday.  
Now, with the light, comes back the fight,  
And blaze and smoke shut out that sight.  
    Mid the clash, and clang, and rattle,  
    The hum and roar of battle,  
And the swinging, and the ringing of cold steel,  
Men are dying 'neath the war-god's iron heel,  
The bullets whizz and spatter, whirr and whine,  
    And the plunge of heavy shot  
    Leaves its jagged, crimson blot,  
In places that are shredded, 'long the line.  
    Now a high and swelling cheer,  
    Sounds above the battle, clear,  
And the sweeping charge is victory's wild sign.

In the quiet of a woodland, far away,  
I've been thinking of that dreadful battle day,  
And it comes to me again,  
With the oaths of fighting men,  
And the double roar of double war-array.  
Give me my sword ! Fall in ! Fall in !—  
No, 'tis a dream, not battle's din—  
Far comes a soft, sweet song of love,  
The mate-call of the wooing dove.

---

### THE OTHER END OF WAR.

When civil war was going on  
And all the neighbor boys had gone  
To fight, one side or t'other,  
I had a time to get away,  
For there was no one else to stay  
And do for my old mother.

Besides, my sister and my wife  
Were dear to me as light and life,  
And cried, when I insisted  
That every healthy man should go  
To help his country, then, and so,  
One day I went and 'listed.

For three long years, in march and fight,  
I did my share, as nearly right  
As God gave me to know it;  
And if I hankered overmuch

For home and loved ones, peace and such,  
I tried hard not to show it.

I didn't know—for I was young—  
How cruelly their souls were wrung,  
In all that weary waiting—  
The pain of doubt, the tears and dread—  
And how their hearts from anguish bled,  
In prayers for war's abating.

But lately I have learned to know  
The trials and the weight of woe  
That comes to them who love us,  
When we are soldiers, gone afar,  
The playthings of the fiend of war,  
By all that's good above us.

\* \* \* \* \*

My son's a soldier 'cross the sea;  
His wife and baby, they're with me,  
And blamed if I ain't thinkin'  
That wife and mother, sister too,  
Are worryin' the whole day through,  
And that keeps me a-blinkin'.

They sigh and weep, and moan and pray,  
And look so anxious every day,  
That in their pain and sadness  
I see how women suffer most  
Of all the mighty human host  
That's lashed in war's red madness.

So, in it all, I'd rather be  
A soldier at the front, you see,  
Than just an old back number,  
Whose heart is tender, though it's old,  
And never can, 'midst grief, be cold,  
Though cased in time-cracked lumber.

And now I'd like to hear the drums  
That beat when Johnnie Soldier comes  
A' marchin' back from battle.  
As gray and limpy as I am,  
By hokey-poke and coffer-dam !  
I'd make this old place rattle.

---

### BATTLE.

A bugle-call—two quick, sharp notes—  
Commands the column: "Halt !"  
To hearts that high ambition thrills,  
Leaps hope with sudden vault;  
In hearts of men that duty rules,  
Stern resolution reigns;  
In hearts that dread of danger thralls,  
The ruddy current wanes.

A crackling 'long the skirmish line,  
A fringe of puffs of white,  
And here and there a reeling man,  
Gives earnest of the fight;  
Now, loud and long, the bugles cry

The "Forward ! Double quick !"  
And, bending to the front, the men  
Push where the bullets flick.

A flaming sheet ; a flash and crash,  
Along the rifle-pits  
That rib the sides of yonder slope,  
And now the welkin splits,  
When red-breathed, roaring, brazen guns,  
With hot and hurtling shot,  
Spurt shredded death amidst the ranks,  
That, cheering, falter not.

For answer, bellowing within  
The charging column's wake,  
The light artillery salutes  
In thunderings that shake  
The clustered hills, and one deep roar  
Of battle has begun,  
Where rampant wrath has seized the earth,  
And blotted out the sun.

Two jagged lines, in squirming knots,  
Stretched over hill and vale,  
Betwixt them stake the cloud-hid space,  
Where lead and iron hail  
Drives criss-cross, zigzag, scurrying,  
In screech, and hiss, and whine,  
Across that hell, like flying snakes  
Envenomed and malign.

Deep in the dreadful din and strife,

In fitful, hazy gleams,  
A well-beloved hope and guide,  
The battle banner streams;  
As in the sea-storm mounts and falls  
The ship that rides the waves,  
So lifts and dips the battle flag  
Where war's red tempest raves.

Now here before a galling gust,  
One brave battalion reels,  
A moment stunned and staggering—  
The color-sergeant kneels  
With them who are his banner's guard,  
But rising from the blow,  
To front he speeds, and lo ! the line  
Bends forward like a bow.

A faint and feeble tenor shout  
Becomes a deep bass roar,  
And on the tumbling column sweeps  
As breakers strike the shore;  
It batters 'gainst the line of works,  
Then dashes full amain,  
High over wall and ditch, and floods  
An open field again.

The pressing line, with vantage flushed,  
Crowds grimly on the foe,  
That, stubborn, yields no inch not fought,  
But deals his blow for blow,  
Till from a raking enfilade,  
Of shrapnel, shell and shot,



The bleeding remnant quits the field  
That pluck from valor got.

The powder-clouds and sulph'rous stench  
Uplift and blow away,  
And side by side, in soldier sleep—  
And peace—lie Blue and Gray;  
The saddened sun sinks red adown  
The western sky, and, lo!  
The lightnings flash, to Love that lost,  
Another crash of woe.

---

### THE ANGLO-SAXON WAY.

High flies the flag of freedom, by Columbia unfurled,  
And gracefully 'tis draping in the breezes of the world;  
Bright shines the gleaming galaxy of interlinking stars,  
While stream in undulating waves its white and crimson bars.

The true sons of America and Britain firmly hold  
The grasp of hearty friendliness, stronger far than  
bands of gold;  
No more they meet as enemies, in grim and hostile  
ranks,  
But now as brethren of one blood, enlightenment's phalanx,  
  
They meet as freemen everywhere, and closer weave  
the bands

That bind the kindred people of these our kindred  
lands;  
And they sing the same rich music, that, swelling as  
the sea,  
Doth blend with grand "God Save the Queen," "My  
Country 'Tis of Thee."

All proudly praise the heroes that freedom's battle won,  
As British men of letters and statesmanship have done,  
In days of war and days of peace, in forum, field and  
home,  
Where'er the British drumbeat's heard, beneath the  
ether dome;

From eloquence of mighty Pitt, who gave fair Justice  
tongue,  
To praises of George Washington, that gifted Byron  
sung;  
From Green, the great historian of Britain's rule and  
sway,  
To Cobden, Bright and Gladstone of her brilliant lat-  
ter day;

With Macaulay and with Thackeray, and other mighty  
men,  
Who Albion's glory have enriched with miter, sword  
and pen;  
Whose breadth and wealth of candor magnanimously  
gave  
The meed of praise and honor to Columbia's true and  
brave.

So let the nation's bells ring out, and all her banners  
wave,

While freedom's light from freedom's sun the blessed  
land shall lave,  
And while the blended songs we sing shall drown the  
marplot's yells,  
Sound loud the cornets, roll the drums and ring the  
nation's bells.

Fling out the flag that patriots have trusting followed  
when  
Dread battle's blight has tried the souls of truest, brav-  
est men,  
And when, betimes, 'twas only seen within the rifting  
cloud  
Before whose storm of leaden hail War's sable plume  
has bowed.

And while the bells are ringing, and joy is everywhere ;  
While Harmony is singing two songs of single air,  
We'll praise the God of nations, and one undying love,  
And bow in grateful thankfulness for blessings from  
above.

And let us hope the pattern set by Anglo-Saxon sires,  
Who lit for all humanity sweet freedom's altar fires,  
May serve till all the nations shall stand beside us here,  
Unawed by any despot's rule, or aught to make them  
fear.

Then higher yet the banner of Columbia shall fly,  
And brighter shine the gleaming stars, against its azure  
sky ;  
And yet more gracefully shall wave, its bars of red and  
white,  
An emblem and a talisman of perfect human right.

## WAR.

By blazing homes, through forests torn,  
And blackened harvest-fields,  
The grim and drunken god of war  
In frenzied fury reels.

His breath—the sulph'rous stench of guns—  
That death and famine deals,  
And Pity, pleading, wounded, falls  
Beneath his steel-shod heels.

---

## BLUE AND GRAY ARE ONE.

Hurrah for the north! Hurrah for the south!  
Hurrah for the east and the west!  
The nation is one, undivided and free,  
And all of its sons are the best.  
Together the men of the whole blessed land  
Are firmly united in one mighty band,  
And they that were once the Blue and the Gray  
Are gathered beneath dear Old Glory today,  
With men of both sides in command.

Then march, boys, march; we'll set fair Cuba free!  
March, boys, march; with Miles and Fitzhugh Lee.  
Forward, all the line! and be your song's refrain:  
"America for freemen," and, "The flag without a  
stain!"

Hurrah for the blue ! Hurrah for the gray !  
Hurrah for the sons of them all !  
Together we come, and united we stand,  
To answer humanity's call ;  
Freemen arising, to dash down the foe ;  
Blue and gray dealing him death at each blow ;  
Mingling a host from the north and the south,  
'Neath the same banner, and from every mouth  
One battle cry, " Freedom ! " shall go.

Hurrah for the guns ! Hurrah for the ships !  
Hurrah for the flag of the stars !  
Hurrah for the men who fought under that !  
Or under the stars and the bars !  
They're rallying now, brave, ardent and strong,  
To punish injustice and overthrow wrong ;  
Columbia rises and leads in the fight,  
Her sons to do battle for honor and right,  
And they're singing America's song.

---

### ALL IN GRAY.

'Twas nearly forty years ago—  
A long, long time away—  
That some of us were boys in blue  
And some were boys in gray.  
But at the end of many years,  
Along life's rugged way,  
The blue has mingled with the skies,  
And all are boys in gray.

The true and brave of all the hosts,  
That wore the blue and gray,  
And fought for what they deemed the right,  
Are done with war today.  
The rosy, round-limbed Queen of Peace  
Has broken war's array;  
His hosts, disarmed, are silver-haired,  
And all are boys in gray.

---

### THE REGIMENTAL FLAG.

There are tears,  
and cheers,  
dear comrades,  
For the flag that's called "Old Glory,"  
When its folds, unfurled, are waving,  
And the pages of its story  
We are turning once again.  
They are light,  
and bright,  
the colors,  
That shine upon that banner,  
From northern lakes to southern gulf,  
From ocean to savanna,  
And across the western plain.

One that's worn,  
and torn,  
and ribboned,  
We have followed, marching, singing,

In the days of strong young manhood,  
And still those songs are ringing  
In the gray and grand old souls,  
Who, in life's

hard strife.

still trudging,

Hold it dearest of all banners,  
For it led them, marching, fighting,  
Through sorrows and hosannahs,  
By the glory of its folds.

So, with tears,

and cheers,

we greet it,

And with songs of love and gladness,  
For the memories clustered 'round it teem,  
With fondness and with sadness,  
And the lights and shades of days,  
That in youth,

and truth,

and trial,

Made the tinting of life's manner,  
For we laughed and sang, and comrades died  
Around that brave old banner,  
In battle's blare and blaze.

It was borne,

and torn,

in battle ;

Oft it rested by the fountains;  
On the dusty march it fluttered,  
And it waved upon the mountains,

From many a rugged crag.  
Now the stars,  
and bars,  
of "Glory"  
In peace are grandly streaming,  
And mingled with the story,  
In freshest beauty beaming,  
Is the regimental flag.

---

## RHODA RAGLAND.

'Twas the mornin' after Shiloh,  
'Way down in Tennessee,  
I was cruisin' 'round among the woods—  
A friend of mine and me,  
When I seed a little maiden  
Who was settin' on a gun,  
That was busted at the muzzle  
From the work that it had done.

She had throwed a bit of banner  
Acrost her golden head,  
An' when I ast her for her name,  
She laughed and then she said,  
" My name is Rhoda Raglan',  
An' I'm waitin', don't you see,  
For pappy dear to come back here,  
Wif' sompen good for me.

" We was livin' in the cabin,  
In the clarin' over thar,



Where the little crick went rattlin' by  
So sparklin' an' so clar,  
But now the water's muddy,  
An' it's bloody, an' the banks  
Is trompled, an' my posies  
Is jest ruined by them Yanks.

"Our cabin's full of hurted men,  
They groaned the worstest way—  
They was hurted in the battle  
With we'uns yesterday,  
An' ther arms an' legs a'bleedin',  
It was sich er awful sight,  
I didn't sleep a little wink  
The livelong night,

"So I've come, good Mr. Man,  
To wait for pappy here,  
My mother went away to God,  
Last winter was a year,  
An' we was livin' all alone  
In the cabin over thar,  
An' why he don't come back to me  
I think it's monst'ous quar."

She was a pooty five-year-old,  
With eyes of deepest blue,  
An' flossy curls an' dimpled cheeks,  
With roses in 'em too.  
I had some little kids at home,  
Just like this battle waif,  
And now I thanked the Lord above  
That they were well and safe.

A minie ball had pierced my arm,  
That lay now in a sling;  
The hurt was just a flesh-cut,  
An' the pain a smartish sting,  
But I had got it fairly,  
An' well enough I knew,  
The helpless arm would take me home  
Within a day or two.

So I plead with Rhoda Raglan'  
To go along with me,  
An' maybe we would find her pap  
Somewhar in Tennessee.  
An' yit I know'd her father  
Was away beyond life's ills,  
So I tuck her to Kentucky  
To my home among the hills.

We raised her jest as good an' true,  
As ef she'd been our own,  
Blood of mine and mother's,  
And bone of our bone,  
And she's been as good a daughter  
As any of the three,  
An' a blessing to my homestead,  
An' to mother an' to me.

She's thirty-six, or thereabouts,  
I can't exactly tell—  
But she married in the neighborhood,  
And married monstrous well;

An' she's got a little daughter,  
That prattles at my knee,  
An' minds me heaps of Rhoda,  
Down at Shiloh—don't you see?

---

“LE REVE.”

Sleep, ah sleep, ye brave, and listen,  
In your dreams to battle's hum;  
See the foeman's armor glisten;  
Hear the bugle-note and drum.  
Heads that rest on unslung knapsacks,  
'Neath your blankets and the night,  
Close beside the bristling gunstacks,  
Dream of morrow and the fight.

From the cottage homes or manors,  
Whence ye came, a nation's pride,  
Prayers are rising for your banners,  
And that weal may them betide.  
'Twixt the hearthstone and the bivouac,  
Love is whisp'ring words of cheer;  
'Twixt the pillow and the knapsack,  
Love, in dreams, brings lovers near.

When those heads are white with glory,  
When the shadows from the west  
Lengthen as ye tell your story,  
In the vet'ran's ward of rest,  
May no ingrate's word of sneering

Reach one heart of all the brave,  
But may honor, praise and cheering  
Guard old valor to the grave.

---

### DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

Ring out, ye bells, your sweetest chimes;  
Sing, all ye poets, dulcet rhymes;  
Shout loud, ye crowds, in strongest praise;  
Shine out, fair sun, in softest rays,  
And dance, ye rippling waters.  
For Freedom's sons will sing a song,  
That in a chorus, high and strong,  
Shall sounding ring, from sea to sea,  
Whose grandest harmony shall be,  
America's true daughters.

Oh, they are loyal, brave and true,  
And fair the red, and white and blue,  
That in the nation's colors rise,  
Shine in their cheeks and brows and eyes  
And glow upon their banners.  
From ocean shore to mountain crest;  
From north and south and east and west;  
From all the bright and beauteous land,  
They come, a blessing-laden band,  
And singing sweet hosannahs.

With cheering words from such a mouth  
As thine, oh daughter of the south!

And love from such a loyal breast  
As thine, oh daughter of the west!  
The sons can never falter.  
And while in north and east shall stand  
The loyal, helping, sister band,  
Sweet Freedom's day shall know no night,  
But ever shall the flame grow bright  
Upon the country's altar.

---

### A SONG OF PEACE.

Silver white, a cloud is drifting,  
In the nation's radiant sky;  
Through it lucent beams are rifting,  
Where "Old Glory's" colors fly.  
From that throne of blessed Freedom,  
Comes a song should never cease;  
Rolling on, a great Te Deum;  
'Tis the mighty song of Peace;  
'Tis the dulcet song of Peace.

Kneels the war-god, calm and humble,  
'Fore the dazzling hosts that sing  
Anthems hushing battle's rumble;  
Songs that down from heaven ring;  
Waving there the snow-white banner,  
Robed in Honor's spotless fleece;  
Seraphs chant the sweet hosannah;  
Sing the antiphon of Peace;  
Chant the psalmody of Peace.

Oh, the sorrow and the glory,  
That the swelling anthem tells!  
Battles won and war's red story,  
Roaring guns and ringing bells;  
Tears that flow for heroes martyred,  
Winning Fame's unending lease;  
Lives for country's honor bartered,  
And the blessed song of Peace  
And the joyous song of Peace.

---

### A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

God of the nations; Lord of all;  
Father of Love and Peace;  
With swelling hearts and singing souls,  
And gratitude's increase,  
We, lovers of this blessed land,  
Thank Thee, the only King  
To whom a freeman bends the knee,  
And joyously we sing  
Thy praises, till Columbia's skies  
With high hosannahs ring:  
The King! The King!  
Blest be the freeman's King!

From peace, through battle Thou hast led,  
And with "Good-will to men,"  
The snow-white banner drapes beside  
"Old Glory's" folds again.  
Now North and South, of this fair land,

Are welded in the blaze  
Of war's red furnace, closer yet,  
And, as in olden days,  
The music of the Union rings  
To Freedom's God, in praise:  
The King! The King!  
Blest be the freeman's King!

---

“OLD GLORY.”

See in the banner's splendor, bright  
The crimson, white and blue unite,  
And 'mong the undulating bars  
Gleam, honor's light, the twinkling stars,  
Till blest to sight and pure as gold,  
The flag, “Old Glory,” is unrolled.

O'er all the land, on every sea,  
Floats high this ensign of the free,  
And guided by its lambent light,  
Our young republic, in the right,  
Leads ever onward, stern arrayed,  
And wielding Freedom's battle-blade.

---

IN GRAY.

'Twas more than forty years ago—  
A long, long time away—

That some of us were boys in blue,  
And some were boys in gray.

But at the end of many years  
Along life's rugged way,  
The blue has mingled with the skies  
And all are boys in gray.

---

“OLD GLORY.”

Ho! all the world! Behold Old Glory;  
Sing, ye freemen, the gallant story.  
See it waving in the sunbright light,  
Where close its Red, White and Blue unite.  
High among the undulating bars,  
Radiant gleam its heaven-born stars.  
'Tis America's flag, that proudly flies,  
To kiss sweet Freedom, in the skies.



## MISCELLANEOUS VERSE

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### A LOVE SONG.

I love you, my sweetheart ; my sweetheart, I love you,  
And wish I might kiss your bonny, sweet mouth,  
Down there, 'mid the roses that, dripping with eve-  
dew

Are 'stilling, by moonshine, the balm of the South.

My darling, my sweetheart, the days are so dreary,  
And weary the years that drag slowly along,  
When I am away from the arms of my dearie,  
That life is a sigh and the ghost of a song.

Will the time ever come, my darling, my sweetheart,  
When here in the strong arms that longingly wait,  
You will rest thus forever, and never to part  
From love that is deep and defiant of fate ?

My darling, my dearie, my love and my idol,  
I am worshipping now at the sanctified shrine,  
Wherein hath been hallowed the vows of a bridal  
That made you in soul, if not mortally mine.

My heart is the censer, where incense is burning—  
The incense of love that is fragrant and strong—  
The eyes of my soul to your image are turning,  
And breathing my love-prayer, I sing you this song :

I love you, my sweetheart ; my sweetheart, I love you ;  
Each moment of life is a tear and a sigh ;  
Oh, come to the arms that so longingly wait you,  
Come to the love that's as deep as the sky.

---

### THE FEE' LARK'S SONG.

" I—chee—wee !" " I—chee—wee !"  
Harkee ! mammy, hark !  
There he is ; can't you see ?  
He's the first fee' lark.

See him settin' on the fence ?  
I thess think his style's immense ;  
Nen I know thess w'at he sings,  
Cos he sings it all the springs ;

" Pull them shoes off, mighty fas,'  
Turn them toeses out to grass,"  
He can say a heap, you see,  
With his little " I—chee—wee !"

---

### THE BARBARIAN.

A grim, barbaric warrior heard  
How Christ was crucified ;  
How meek and uncomplainingly  
He bent His head and died.  
He heard, aghast, the dreadful tale,

Then seethed with wrath his brain :  
“ Had I been there with three-score men,  
The Christ had not been slain ! ”

As thus he spoke he fiercely grasped  
The handle of his brand ;  
In knots his brawny muscles stood  
And he austere and grand.  
“ Where were His brave defenders then ? ”  
The chieftain might have asked,  
Had he but longer in the light  
Of Christian knowledge basked—  
“ Where, then, the zealous champions  
Who thousands since have slain—  
The ‘unbelievers’ slaughtered  
By inquisitors in Spain,  
And in ‘Bloody Mary’s’ reign ? ”

As ’twas he questioned eagerly :  
“ Where were the God-man’s friends—  
They for whose immortal souls  
He bent His aims and ends ?  
Stood they about and raised no hand  
To stay the murd’rous deed ?  
Where were their love and fortitude  
In this high time of need ?  
And where the healed in sight and limb,  
Who sought the Nazarene,  
And touched His garments full of faith  
That this would make them clean ? ”

“ We are fighting yet His holy cause,”

A churchman stoutly said:  
"His name shall be our Shibboleth,  
Till all His foes are dead."  
And yet the grim barbarian  
Clutched hard his sword and cried,  
"Had I been there with three-score men  
Christ Jesus had not died—  
He'd not been crucified!"

---

### HERE'S TO YOU, MY BROTHER.

My friend and I—I love him—  
God bless the skies above him,  
Wherever 'neath their azure he may be—  
We were lads the time I speak of,  
And now we hear the creak of  
The frost that chills the branches of life's tree.

We wandered in the mountains,  
And we played beneath the fountains  
That tumbled down the overhanging steep,  
And we swam amid the driftings  
Of the autumn's somber siftings,  
From the trees of woodland pastures, neck deep.

Then the winter came, and flurries  
Of the snow, in flights and scurries,  
Laid the ermine covers deep upon the earth;  
And the woods and halls were ringing  
With our happy shouts and singing,  
The echoes of the season's joy and mirth.

But those years succeeding morrows  
 Brought care, and age, and sorrows.  
 And the struggles life allots to earnest men;  
 They are mountains that divide us,  
 And the fountains oft deride us  
 When we seek to bring dear boyhood back again.

But the years have come unceasing,  
 Bringing joy, and care, increasing,  
 And there's compensation sweet within it all;  
 For love from loved ones found us,  
 And that fond delight surrounds us,  
 As a vine-clad, safe and flower-covered wall.

So, here's to you, my brother;  
 Though far from one another,  
 Let us drain the cup of good will from the brim,  
 And thank dear God above us,  
 That around are those who love us,  
 While we sing, again, a cheering Christmas hymn.

---

REFUGIUM.

There is no sweeter song than this;  
 'Tis holy as a mother's kiss;  
 And, oh, what promising of bliss!  
 The song from Zion, bright and blest:  
 Come unto me; come unto me,  
 All ye that labor weariedly,  
 And I will give you rest.

So said the Master long ago,  
And now 'tis heaven's song echo,  
Flung back from Zion's hills that glow,  
    In golden splendor there on high;  
A sweet and peaceful song of love,  
That comes as came the Jordan dove,  
    God's token from on high.

In gentle vibrance, on the strings  
Of human hearts, the music rings.  
And cheeringly an angel sings  
    To them that labor, sore opprest:  
In time, beside the Great White Throne  
The Nazarene will claim His own,  
    And He will give you rest.

---

### MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Where Nature's God hath roughest wrought  
Where spring the purest fountains;  
Where, long ago, the Titans fought,  
And hurled, for missiles, mountains;  
Where everlasting snows abide,  
And tempest clouds are driven  
Along the solid granite side  
Of yawning chasm, riven  
Deep in the Rockies' grandest pride,  
That lifts its head to Heaven;

Amid the wilds, where awful rise  
The giant peaks that fathom

Night's starry depths and day's blue skies,  
And brood above the chasm,  
One monarch 'mongst the mighty hills  
Rears high his summit hoary,  
Like some grim king, whose legend fills  
A page of olden story,  
And heart o'erawes and soul enthrills,  
Before his regal glory.

The Holy Cross of Christian faith,  
Above the royal velvet,  
In beauty shines, an emblem wraith,  
High on his beetling helmet;  
Its white arms stretching through the sheen  
Of silvery mist, are gleaming;  
A talisman, the world to screen,  
Hope's symbol, in its seeming;  
A wonder grand, a joy serene,  
Upon the ages beaming.

---

### BABY'S MORNING.

When morning comes and sunlight streams  
In tender, soft and golden gleams,  
And through the curtains' dancing beams  
Steal coily in the room,  
My baby wakes in grave surprise,  
And turns her great and wondering eyes  
Toward the shimmering matin dyes  
That tint the lily bloom.

'Tis double morn to thee, sweet one—  
The morn of day and a life begun—  
God grant thy day and life-time's sun  
    May ever sweetly shine;  
That happiness without alloy,  
That cannot fail or ever cloy,  
And brightest rays of purest joy,  
    May bless each hour of thine.

---

### THE GOURD BESIDE THE SPRING.

The gallant knight, in days of old,  
    Sang gaily flagon songs;  
The monarch drained his cup of gold  
    And laughed his people's wrongs;  
With goblets, flowing to the brim,  
    Bacchantes drink their wine,  
But no alluring rosy rim  
    Brings song to harp of mine.

*Yet notes of memory sweetly come  
    In songs I love to sing,  
Of hearty, healthy bumpers, from  
    The gourd beside the spring.*

The soldier loves his old canteen,  
    And sounds in song its praise;  
The lover toasts his mistress queen  
    In wine-begotten lays;  
The soul of poesy's outpoured



Alike to cup and king,  
And all forget the brown old gourd  
They drank from at the spring.

There's happiness in banquet halls,  
Amid the bright and gay,  
Where brilliant song the soul enthalls,  
And wit and wine hold sway;  
But all the joys in memory stored  
No sweeter thought can bring  
Than those of draughts from out the gourd,  
With Susanne by the spring.

---

### A LITTLE SHOE.

Thar ain't much poetry, that's a fact,  
In a pa'r of worn out shoes,  
But I've seen truck agoin', that lacked  
As much of soul, or the muse.

I've got a shoe, 'bout's big's my thumb,  
All gone at the heel and toe,  
That makes my poor old heartstrings thrum  
To the tune of long ago.

It's the shoe of a little baby boy,  
Who was two or three worlds to me,  
He come and he went, and took all the joy  
That ever I reckon to see.

The mother that bore him went along,  
And it broke my heart in two;  
Sometimes I hear her lullaby song  
When I'm holding that tiny shoe.

And I hear the patter of wee small feet,  
That fitted it when it was new,  
But all that's left is the memory sweet  
And the little worn out shoe.

Thar ain't no poetry, much, in this,  
But I think I've got a clue  
To a road that leads to a mite of bliss,  
If I follow this baby shoe.

---

### CHIQUITA, LA BONITA.

Great black eyes, with look so tender,  
That they seem, almost, to weep;  
Hand that's taper, brown and slender,  
Shades them, peering up the steep,  
From the "dobey" on the mesa,  
Where the sun forever shines,  
'Long the foothill, where the gazer  
Sees amid the tangled vines  
And the crooked manzanita,  
Su Chiquita!  
La bonita.

There's a little Mexic maiden,  
Golden-haired and eyes of blue,

With the springtime flowers laden,  
Climbing down from where they grew.  
Dusky-haired and dark-eyed mother—  
Though mayhap the question's bold—  
Whence those eyes of some one other,  
Whence the shining locks of gold?  
Tell me, handsome Josepheta,  
Of Chiquita,  
La bonita.

Ah! I see yon caballero,  
Riding thither down the trail—  
Now he lifts his broad sombrero,  
Shouts the Saxon's hearty hail,  
And the flax-haired caballero  
Has Chiquita's eyes of blue,  
Shaded by his slouch sombrero  
Pretty answer that is, too.  
For the handsome Josepheta,  
And Chiquita,  
La bonita.

---

### MY MOTHER'S WEDDING RING.

I remember when that circlet  
Was a heavy golden band,  
And how chastely rich it shone upon  
Her plump and pretty hand.  
As boy and man, I've often seen  
Pure gems, serene and rare,

Gleam brightly on the same dear hand,  
So tender, true and fair.

Those jewels, like the fleeting joys  
That come, and glow, and go,  
With all of Fortune's transient gifts,  
And many a weighing woe,  
Have gone, as go all friends and days,  
With every hope or care:  
But still the plain gold wedding ring  
Shines true and faithful there.

Those dear, old hands are trembling now  
Beneath the weight of years  
And fragile, thin, has grown the band  
That linked her joys and tears,  
But to a loving, grateful son  
There is no blessed thing  
In all the world so holy as  
His mother's wedding ring.

---

### THE POET KING.

A quiet man, of gentle face,  
Yet noble mien and courtly grace,  
To need and sorrow wed;  
For lack of gold his worth untold,  
And jealous Fame speaks not his name,  
But waits till he is dead.

He sat beside a limpid stream  
And saw its lucent waters gleam  
    In jewels rich and rare;  
And in the hue of Heaven's blue  
An angel face of gentle grace  
    Was sweetly mirrored there.

He saw the flowers bloom and blush  
From cordial morn till evening's hush,  
    And listened to the lay  
Of cooing dove, so full of love,  
And drank the breeze that kissed the trees,  
    In happy, hoyden play.

He lived in contemplation high,  
Of all the glories of the sky,  
    And sweetest lessons took  
From earth and air; the bright and fair  
Of every place and age and race;  
    And read from Nature's book.

And now he sits upon a throne,  
A monarch in a realm, his own,  
    And holds the universe  
Within his grasp, with tender clasp,  
A regal king with soul to sing,  
    But stript of scrip and purse.

Now list the music of his shell,  
And hear his raptured accents tell  
    Of pure and noble things,  
With minstrel's art and poet's heart,

He fills the bowl that soothes the soul,  
And plays upon its strings.

---

### THE COMING MASTER.

I sit upon my vine-clad porch,  
'Tis summer's ardent weather,  
And watch the breezes toying with  
The thistle's downy feather.  
My once brown hair is white as snow,  
My hands are thin and wrinkled,  
But better eyes have never yet  
In such an old head twinkled.

A mile away, and up the road,  
I see a horseman riding;  
He's handsome, even thus afar,  
His noble beast bestriding;  
I see my daughter's tender look,  
As wistfully she gazes,  
And mother watching, 'neath her lids,  
The blush the rider raises.

That gallant horseman coming here,  
So often at sun-setting,  
And mother's anxious looks with tears  
That oft her cheeks are wetting,  
Are signs to me, that, growing old,  
Some day I will awaken  
To find my place, as master here,  
By that young horseman taken.

## CANDO.

Cando, the boy, was poet, heaven-born,  
For in his young life's fair and rosy morn  
The melodies of forest, hill and dale,  
The low, sweet song of wooing nightingale,  
The stillicide of snow and sleet and rain,  
The saucy echo's mocking, wild refrain,  
The buzzing of the honey-laden bees  
Among the bloom of peach and apple trees,  
And music from all nature softly stole  
To sweep the tuneful wind-harp of his soul.

He climbed the mountain side, and saw the sea  
Come marching in to kiss the monarch's knee,  
And, in its slow and undulant retreat,  
Spread out its ermine carpets at his feet.  
The fair, the good, the beautiful and true  
Were to his rhythmic life poetic dew;  
Fair Genius lent her brightest lamp to light  
His every step and bless his gladdened sight.  
And Cando sang in strong, ecstatic song,  
Of what he saw and heard, the whole day long.

Thus as he sang, at every rounded pause  
His playmates clapped their rapturous applause,  
Till fierce Ambition seized the poet boy  
And stole away his adolescent joy.  
Onward to manhood, hand in hand with fame,  
Rushed Cando; and the glory of his name  
Rang through the State, borne on the cadent breeze  
'Mid loud huzzas, and then across the seas;

'Till in all lands, on every babbling tongue,  
'The wonder of his dazzling fame was sung.

Mellow and rich, from his enraptured shell,  
Glowing and strong, the sounding numbers fell;  
He tuned no more a gentle harp to win  
The plaudits of his youthful kith and kin,  
But eager sought the tribute and acclaim  
Of them of high and mighty name and fame,  
'Till strong he stood, in glory and command,  
And on a throne, magnificent and grand,  
Young Cando sat and gazed above the crowd,  
A monarch high, and laurel-crowned, and proud.

From distance dim, beyond the mighty throng,  
Came faintly now the reaper's harvest song.  
No more heard he the loving voice of home.  
The tinkling herd-bell in the soft'ning gloam,  
And lusty crow of doughty chanticleer  
Were sounds too far for Cando's kingly ear.  
Fame's vibrant tongue had 'whelmed the homely strains  
Of Love's dear song and lullaby's refrains—  
He lived to learn that grand exalted state  
To lowly born is mockery of Fate.

---

#### A MODERN TEMPLE.

Not many short and fleeting years,  
With all their hopes, and joys, and fears,  
Have marched unhalting to the dead,



With steady, stern and silent tread,  
Since o'er the hills and valleys here  
The red man chased the panting deer,  
And by the dark Missouri's tide  
The warrior wooed his dusky bride ;  
Not long ago, where now we stand,  
With blessings rich, on every hand  
The war-whoop through the forest rang,  
Among the pines the wild winds sang ;  
The screams of eagles in the air  
Met echo in the gray wolf's lair ;  
The bison, with his shaggy mane,  
Grazed, all unharmed, upon the plain ;  
The paddle of the light canoe  
Flashed where the water-lilies grew ;  
In Nature's garb the land was drest,  
From river's side to mountain's crest,  
Then all was fresh, untouched and wild,  
The free home of the forest child.

But soon, from toward the rising sun,  
Was heard the white man's axe and gun ;  
The forest bowed before his hand,  
And as a garden bloomed the land ;  
The ploughshare turned the virgin soil,  
And rich rewards repaid the toil  
Of every hardy pioneer  
Who built his humble cabin here.  
Fair cities decked the boundless west,  
And here, the fairest and the best  
Sprang up as if the builder's arm  
Was aided by a magic charm,

And soon o'er hill, and vale and stream,  
Was heard the wild and startling scream  
Of swiftly-flying, fire-fed steed,  
Dashing along at wondrous speed,  
And scattering here, far and near,  
Wealth and strength in his proud career;  
And thus, among the gray foot-hills,  
Spires and homes, and shops and mills  
Have risen as though genii hands  
Had wrought where this fair city stands.

'The rarest of the glist'ning gems  
That deck the city's brow—  
The brightest in her diadem,  
Is this we're setting now;  
And he who gave this temple name,  
Shall crown the beauteous queen,  
And coming years shall sing his fame  
And keep his memory green.

Each lovely Muse, who has a place  
Within this temple grand,  
His dreams and waking thoughts shall  
grace,  
And bless his open hand;  
For 'neath the sun, no fairer shrine,  
Since Delphi, lost so long,  
Was ever lifted to the Nine  
Of Art, and Soul, and Song.

'Neath this broad dome, night after night,  
For many a coming year—

'Neath all the golden, dazzling light,  
 From yon bright chandelier—  
 Shall come the man, the maid, the dame,  
 To drink from Pleasure's cup,  
 And see the actor strive for fame,  
 And hold the mirror up.

The walking thoughts of Avon's bard,  
 His hero, king and clown,  
 His guileless maid, and bearded pard,  
 And monk, in cowl and gown,  
 Shall often picture, on this stage,  
 The passions, loves and hates,  
 Of every nation, land and age  
 Outside the pearly gates.

The soldier, lady-love and king,  
 Who came at Bulwer's call,  
 Shall make their gallant speeches ring  
 And echo through this hall;  
 And birds of song their notes shall trill  
 'Mid orange groves and palms,  
 And every heart shall feel the thrill  
 Of music's potent charms.

Here England's pursy knight shall wince  
 Before the Windsor fays,  
 And Denmark's melancholy prince  
 Shall call his mimic plays,  
 And handle Yorick's fleshless pate,  
 And break Ophelia's heart,  
 And taming handsome, shrewish Kate,  
 Petruchio'll play his part.

Here Lear, "every inch a king,"  
Shall wear his monstrous woes,  
And Juliet to her lover cling  
Till death's releasing throes;  
Macbeth shall rue his murd'rous deeds  
In crime's entangling mesh,  
And Shylock, with revengeful greed,  
Demand his pound of flesh.

And hunchback Richard, cruel, vile,  
Shall meet his Richmond here,  
And on great Cæsar's fun'ral pile  
Shall fall the Roman tear.  
The jealous Moor shall send above  
Sweet Desdemona's soul,  
And Pauline prove that woman's love  
Outweighs the power of gold.

Bright tears of joy shall dim the eye  
For darling Jessie Brown,  
Who hears, while others 'round her die,  
The welcome slogan's sound.  
Here poor old Rip shall totter in  
To seek his little cot,  
And find how, in Life's rush and din,  
We are so soon forgot.

The earth, the sky, the boundless sea,  
And every race and age,  
Before these scenes shall gathered be  
Upon this spacious stage.  
Here Pleasure with her smiles shall bring

Surcease from daily cares,  
And dullen Sorrow's sharpened sting,  
And lift the woe she bears.

---

EASTER LILIES AND EASTER BELLS.

Easter lilies and Easter bells;  
Sweet the story their coming tells.  
Faith and Hope, the lilies sing;  
Peace unto the soul they bring.  
High, Salvation's anthem swells  
In the music of the bells.  
Easter lilies and Easter bells;  
Sweet the story their coming tells.

Pure and fair are the lilies of Easter;  
Stately, and queenly, and white.  
Dulcet and deep are the bells that on Easter  
Chime, with the coming of light,  
The song and the story,  
The love and the glory,  
That live in the Kingdom of Right.

Out of the song and the fragrance of Easter,  
Welcome, and blessed, and clear,  
Cometh the risen and glorified Master,  
Bringing glad words of good cheer,  
And work in the garden  
For them that seek pardon,  
With peace for the sorrowing here.

Out in the meadows the lilies are blooming  
And deep in the vales and dells  
Brightly her sisters their sweet heads are lifting  
Under the Easter-tide spells.  
The spring birds are winging,  
And gaily are singing,  
The story the Magdalene tells.

Out in the morning came Mary the Magdalene—  
Dew-damp of night in her hair ;  
Weeping and pale, in the first morn of Easter,  
Came she, faithfully, there.  
And herein's the story—  
Sweet charity's glory—  
The story the lilies declare.

Out of the chiming of soft bells at Easter ;  
Out of the lily's perfume ;  
Out of the riot of birds of the spring-time ;  
Out of its myriad bloom  
Comes ever the story  
Of Christ's risen glory,  
That mantles with promise the tomb.

---

## TWO REVELS.

In revel long they drink and sing ;  
The wassail bowl goes gayly round ;  
From songs of love and war and chase  
The ancient castle walls resound ;

The corridors and rafters ring  
With echoes of the song and laugh;  
The chimney blazes glint the cups  
That roystering gallants lift and quaff;  
They sing the deeds of men agone  
And roar of comely lasses gay,  
'Till reeling 'fore the goblet king  
They prone beside the benches lay.

The sputtering lamps burn low and die;  
The wabbling blazes staggering chase  
Across the scattered brands, that char  
Within the ample fireplace;  
Deserted seems the ancient hall;  
Uncanny in the fallen gloom;  
And in the chill and dark that come  
Is lost the heavy wassail fume.  
The sougning winds sweep down the night;  
A sorry cur, in doleful howl,  
Lends to the grewsome time his wail,  
Responsive to a hooting owl.

But see! Another light is there;  
Unearthly, pallid, is its glow,  
And shadowy forms, in shimmering mail  
Renew the song and wassail flow.  
The song is hollow, soft and faint;  
The wine is thin, the toasts are old;  
And yet they prate of sires' deeds,  
And clash the goblets that they hold.  
Within the chimney-place a brand  
Spurts out a long and ruddy glare,

And then these ghosts of men agone  
Flee from the sight thus shown them there.

---

GIVE US, O! GOD, TO KNOW.

O, Great Jehovah! make it plain,  
To them that look to Thee, and fain  
Would wisely worship at Thy feet;  
O! give it us, great God, to know,  
Why must fair Progress travail so,  
To bring forth what for right, is meet?  
O give us, God, to know!

Through Time, so far as mortal man,  
May backward, straining, barely scan,  
He sees the road of Progress barred  
By bigotry; and bending low,  
The marplot deals his hindering blow,  
To check the forward march, and guard.  
Why? give us, God, to know.

The Nazarene, who came to give  
Salvation, that the soul might live,  
Met lash, and spear, and cross, and thorn,  
To bring Thy kingdom here below.  
His way was made a way of woe.  
Why, thus to us, should peace be borne?  
O, give us, God, to know!

When in the throes of civil strife,  
This young republic fought for life;



Behind the field a carping gang,  
In right's pretense, a lurking foe,  
Stood in the light of battle's glow,  
And snarling, gnashed their fang to fang;  
Why? give us, God, to know.

Ah, thus 'Thou movest, on the storm,  
'Thine awful wonders to perform;  
And, humbly, we accept Thy way,  
When, even now, the marplot's blow,  
Would lay Columbia stunned and low,  
That he, abashed, shall rue the day,  
O, give us, God, to know.

---

“MISTLETOE.”

The poet-soul can see you, dear,  
Lost in the maze of one short year,  
Twining the mistletoe there.  
Pensive and still, hopeful and true,  
While memory sweetly sings to you,  
Soft and low as a vesper prayer.

And one away on life's strong sea,  
Where manhood's ship rides high and free,  
Peers out across the surging tide,  
And hears the same sweet song, my dear,  
That comes to you adown the year—  
Looks out to you, his star and guide.

He sees you in the brilliant glow  
Of Christmas, 'neath the mistletoe,  
And breathes the perfume of your hair;  
He loves you as he loved you when  
He told you so, and kissed you then—  
He sees you sitting, pensive there.

Then do not sigh again, my dear,  
He loves you truly; never fear  
That aught may wile his heart from you.  
He'll come with one more Christmas day  
And kiss your anxious tears away  
As sunshine does the dew.

From out the half-light—almost gloom—  
That grays the presence of your room,  
He'll bring the light of long ago,  
And with your head upon his breast,  
In love's delight, and peace, and rest,  
He'll kiss you 'neath the mistletoe.

---

“BUFFALO BILL,” A KNIGHT OF THE WEST.

Who is this gallant cavalier that rides in from the  
West?  
His horse, and gun, and trappings are the truest and  
the best;  
He strides his noble thoroughbred with manly, easy  
grace,  
And sits the saddle like a sheik, and rides a rattling  
pace.

His hair falls white and long adown his shoulders  
strong and wide,  
And all his bearing has the poise of manliness and  
pride.

A sovereign born and citizen of this fair Western  
land,  
He rose among his fellows in the custom of com-  
mand;  
His boyhood heard the wailing that was echo of the  
yell  
When the savage made the border seem the environs  
of hell;  
With his dying father's spirit, his hunting-knife and  
gun,  
He drove the bronze barbarians into the setting sun.

'Mong the willows by the river, on mesa, hill and plain,  
They fell beneath his horses' hoofs, and 'fore his  
leaden rain.  
Full well he wreaked his vengeance, and he blazed a  
Western path,  
With the weapons of his prowess and the scoring of  
his wrath.  
From Missouri's murky waters to the white Sierra's  
crest  
This knightly man led dauntless men and empire to  
the West.

To save the name, and legends, and traditions of that  
land—

The wilderness that blossomed—and its story, strange  
and grand,  
To the wondering sight of millions, and to sing its  
passing song,  
He led toward the Orient his motley, nomad throng,  
With their singing, and their dancing, their weapons  
and their ways,  
Their riding and their fighting in their tribe to tribe's  
affrays.

From the canyons of the mountains to the canyons of  
the deep,  
And to where the Eastern nations close guard, and  
jealous keep,  
The monuments and tokens of their ancient rule and  
state,  
There the gallant Western chieftain rode among the  
titled great,  
A fellow-prince among the kings, a sovereign by the  
right  
Of honest manhood, bred beneath high Liberty's clear  
light.

Where the altars of the Druids and ancient abbeys lie,  
'Neath forest-covered ruins, marking centuries gone by,  
And in places that are cobwebbed with history as old  
As Britain's first traditions, lying deep in must and  
mold,  
There the chieftain and his riders went, and held their  
hardy games  
To plaudits of the multitudes, lords, kings, and royal  
dames.

By the 'Tiber, 'neath the shadow of St. Peter's lofty  
dome,  
The mighty pile that canopies the hierarch of Rome;  
'Mid monuments and masonry, that, crumbling in de-  
cay,  
Teach the vanity of empire, how weak and fleet its  
sway,  
Here rode the knightly plainsman, and his caballeros  
sang  
Where oft, in centuries ago, acclaim to Cæsar rang.

'Mong potentates and powers, in the cities of the kings,  
From where Mahomet's crescent across the Orient  
swings  
To where the North sea booms against old Denmark's  
rugged shores,  
And back to where dear home-land opened wide to him  
her doors,  
Went and came the dashing horseman, and he bore the  
banner high  
That Freedom's heroes, for its weal, will dare, and do,  
and die.

When by this mighty inland sea the great White City  
gleamed  
As radiant as mountain snows, the chieftain's banners  
streamed  
Above his wide encampment, and from every clime and  
land  
Came men to do him honor, and to grasp his manly  
hand.

Even yet he leads his riders, and his lesson's high and strong,  
And so, saluting him, I sing this heartfelt, homely song.

---

### THE STORM KING.

A ship sailed out on the open sea;  
'Twas gallant, strong and daring,  
And it rode as brave as knight, and he  
To win armorial bearing.  
With heart that throbs in Titan form,  
The great ship seemed as living,  
And out of the calm and into the storm  
It rode without misgiving.

Then came a roar of awful rage—  
The bellow of the thunder;  
A monarch's challenge and his gage,  
That broke the clouds asunder;  
And leapt his weapon from its sheath,  
Its gleam the darkness bright'ning—  
The shuddering ship sank dead beneath  
A glittering blade of lightning.

---

### BOHEMIA'S REST.

I met a gray old man, one night,  
And he was worn and pale;  
Yet his heart was light,

And his eyes were bright  
When he told his curious tale.

The old man's garb was worn to threads,  
His hair and beard were rimed  
With the frost of age,  
And he seemed a sage,  
With wisdom's lessons primed.

Bright Culture's garland crowned his brow,  
And 'neath his humble guise  
Was a noble heart;  
And the love of art  
Shone from his twinkling eyes.

'Twas at the festal board that night,  
Within Bohemia's shade,  
The wassail bowl  
Had warmed his soul  
And edged his wit's keen blade.

"There was a time," he softly said,  
"In the sweet-not-long-ago,  
When I'd compare  
In debonair  
With all the best we know.

"The good Lord had been kind to me,  
And bountiful were mine  
His blessings fair,  
With not a care,  
And life was sparkling wine.

- “ In bright Bohemia’s gladsome ways  
I walked with genial souls,  
And earth was mine,  
In gladsome shine,  
From tropics to the poles.
- “ I reveled with the gay and brave,  
In mazes of delight,  
And wore the braid  
Of one fair maid  
Won as a loyal knight.
- “ I went to war and flashed my sword,  
In battle’s garish blaze,  
And won renown,  
Aye e’en a crown—  
The soldier’s wreath of bays.
- “ I stood within the forum then,  
And won the strong applause  
Of gallant men  
And trenchant pen,  
For that I’d won a cause.
- “ With health and wealth and high emprise,  
I gave to others fame ;  
By poet’s art  
I thrilled the heart,  
And earned exalted name.
- “ With hand on lever of the press  
I built a city where



Primeval stood  
A mighty wood  
And cougars had their lair.

“ I sent to legislative halls  
A knavish parvenu,  
Who, overfed  
On what I'd said,  
A monstrous patron grew.

“ That sculptor of the olden time,  
Who with a godlike art  
Carved into life  
A minx of strife,  
Who broke his loving heart,

“ Did better far than this, for he  
Could proudly say, at least :  
‘ Its beauty's there ;  
’Tis strong and fair ’—  
My mold was but a beast.

“ The city grew at such a pace  
That I was lost therein ;  
The smallest clown  
Within the town  
Would pass me with a grin.

“ My spirit, enterprise and zeal  
Were all forgotten, quite,  
And men, for self,  
To gather pelf

Had squeezed me out of sight.

“ But here, within these classic halls,  
With loving friends I meet,  
In royal fete  
The ‘ third estate,’  
In art and soul’s retreat.”

---

### A GENTLEMAN.

He could not be so poor that he would hate the rich,  
Nor yet so rich that he despised the poor.  
He is so brave and just, that not a turn nor hitch,  
In all of fortune’s winding way, could lure  
Him to an act or thought of vile ingratitude.

He’s true unto himself, and thus to every man,  
And has that courage, high, and grand, and strong,  
That comes with kindness, and with honor leads the  
van  
To help the right, and sternly punish wrong;  
To strip injustice till it shivers, shamed and nude.

He seeks the culture that, refining, gives a grace  
And comfort to himself and those around;  
He has not ostentation, nor would he abase  
Himself to thus become a monarch crowned.  
Clean comes his thought, and from his hand a  
brother’s grip.

He comes from anywhere—aye, e'en from Nazareth—  
From north and south, and from the east and west;  
He comes as comes the cool and grateful breeze's  
breath.

He need not be an angel from the blest,  
He might be, thus, too good for man's companion-  
ship.

---

### ON THE SUMMER SEA.

I have a little sweetheart, a dear, winsome beauty,  
Who lives by the lakeside, but where, I'll not tell  
I owe her my fealty, my best love and duty,  
And the vows I have made her I'll keep true and  
well;  
As truly as lovers in days of old story,  
When knights were the boldest and barons were  
strong;  
Her love is my day-star, my pride and my glory,  
And in its sweet service I sing her this song.

There is many a maiden whose smiles I still cherish,  
Whose laugh was as music the sweetest to me,  
Whose friendship I hold where it never shall perish,  
But none have I loved like this maid of the sea.  
She comes to me flying across the white riftings  
Of sands by the lakeside, to where, in my boat  
I am waiting the lassie, and then we go drifting,  
The happiest lovers on earth or afloat.

From her hair, where the sunlight so cheerily dances  
To feet that are dimpled, and shapely, and bare  
My love is my life, and its worth she enhances  
By her's that's so artless, and honest, and rare.  
I'm sure 'twould be happiness, true and unfailing,  
If that pretty maiden could always with me,  
Go loving and laughing, and singing and sailing,  
Through all of my journey on Life's changeful sea.

---

BE FAIR AND JUST, MY SON.

When all the laws and proverbs known to man,  
And made to guide him in the right,  
Are blent, and sublimated into one,  
Shall come, as bright as God's white light,  
"Be fair and just, my son."

Therein lies faith, and charity, and hope,  
With honor, truth, and love, and peace;  
In that may good be ever nobly done;  
It brings to human joy, increase.  
Be fair and just, my son.

Rise high above the scrambling mob, that stoops  
To gather gear, that comes by greed.  
Enough, and some to spare, is better won  
As industry and honor's meed.  
Be fair and just, my son.

That grim misfortunes often lash the best,  
As with the chastening rod, 'tis true;

But wrong, though long its course may smoothly run,  
Will meet, at last, its dire due.

Be fair and just, my son.

So taught the gentle Nazarene, and so  
The greatest men the world has known,  
From Moses, Orange, and our Washington  
And Lincoln, hath the precept shone :

“Be fair and just, my son.”

It lifts the soul and purifies the heart  
’Twould make the world a paradise ;  
’Twould end all war and silence every gun ;  
Virtue would reign above dark vice.

Be fair and just, my son.

---

## TWO DEAD.

’Tis pitiful to see a man at life’s mid-day,  
Dead and undone, a lump of pallid helpless clay ;  
He that was strong and brave, and loving, and alert,  
Lost to his friends ; his heart and hand and art inert.  
And over this we weep and sigh and long repine ;  
Above it, build a tomb and plant a mourning vine.  
Mayhap, in story he’s embalmed to keep him near,  
And all that may be done is done, to veil his bier.  
Aye, bitter ’tis, indeed, that men must pass away.  
And buried be in living hearts and in the clay.

’Tis pitiful to see a man at life’s mid-day  
With all ambition gone ; the weak and nerveless prey

Of baseless fears, or indolence; full well content  
To have the shining days that God has kindly sent,  
Go trooping by, nor find amid them all, not one  
In which some worthy work may worthily be done;  
Who caring not for all the duties men may owe  
Each other here, recks not of human weal or woe.  
'Tis better to be dead and buried out of sight  
Than dead, and buried not; a useless, idle wight.

---

### THE TIGER'S CUB.

The tiger's cub was gentle, and it played with a little  
child;  
Its feet were velvet cushions, and its brown eyes meek  
and mild.  
The changes came so softly that its playmate had not  
seen  
The cruel claws in velvet, and the brown eyes glinting  
green.  
The child is lying, mangled, in the fierce and reeking  
jaws,  
For the tiger's cub has torn him, 'neath his velvet-hid-  
den claws.

I knew a youth of strength and truth,  
And mien of a manly man,  
Who marched along, with laugh and song,  
In Pleasure's troop and van.  
High hope was his, and noble aim;  
He sealed a lover's vow,

And climbed the dazzling steeps of Fame,  
Where Fortune kissed his brow.

The way was bright, his heart was light,  
And friends by legion came  
In joyous throng, to swell his song,  
And echo his sounding fame.  
They lifted high the bowl, and drank  
His health in sparkling wine,  
Amid the bloom of the primrose bank,  
And under the shading vine.

In shade of vine, from lees of wine,  
A mocking master came,  
And seized the boy, amid the joy  
And lustre of his fame.  
The wanton demon dashed the drink  
With poverty and dread,  
And drove the youth to ruin's brink—  
The singing troop had fled.

With leers and limps, the comrade imps,  
In howl, and grin, and yell,  
Tore at his soul, his manhood stole,  
And dipped him deep in hell.  
'Mid horrors that no mortal tongue  
Could ever tell aright,  
They dragged his life and, screaming, flung  
His honor into night.

The tiger's cub was gentle, and it played with a little  
child ;

Its feet were velvet cushions, and its brown eyes meek  
and mild.

The changes came so softly that its playmate had not  
seen

The cruel claws in velvet, and the brown eyes glinting  
green.

The child is lying, mangled, in the fierce and reeking  
jaws,

For the tiger's cub has torn him, 'neath the velvet-hid-  
den claws.

This is a simple lesson, mayhap you do not need,  
But 'tis well to keep it near you, amid deceit and greed.  
Oftimes the greatest danger lurks where only kindness  
shows,

As thorns are often hid beneath the beauties of the  
rose.

---

### A MEMORY AND A TEAR.

'Tis noon of night, and from a long, lone walk,  
I've come to sit me down and meditate;  
To croon and ponder, musing with myself;  
To mumble in an old man's piping way.

That walk had been a hard and weary one,  
Had I been 'companied by other thoughts  
Than those that held me as I strolled adown  
The wintry street—the hushed and quiet street,



Save for the restless wind, that blowing light,  
Listless and wanton, thro' the bare-armed trees,  
Made music fitting to my reverie,  
So deep, and reaching to the past,  
That being once again a boy, my limbs  
Forgot the years they've marched along beside  
Since lusty youth, in roseate glow, was mine.

In all the years, since then, I've seen the world  
On many sides, and felt its jagged points,  
As rolling in swift motion, on its poles,  
It grinds the face of those who do not wear  
Protecting Fortune's mask, impierceable.

I've sat within the shade of orange groves,  
And heard in low and sweet and witching strains,  
Some far-off music, as of siren songs,  
Weird-like, from wooded shores of placid lakes,  
Soft o'er the listening waters steal along.

I've borne the cold of arctic heights, and dragged,  
Half famished, o'er the sands of desert plains,  
And strove in solitude among the wilds  
And gloom of desolation lost.

I've stood upon a lonely isle, far out  
Amid the sea, and yearning, hopeful, watched  
The waste to catch a sight of saving sail,  
And day by day saw, but with growing dread,  
The crawling canyons of the deep upheave.

But in it all I've had a holy, sweet,  
And blessed memory to 'bide with me—  
My strong young manhood's first and cherished love.

And here's a great and faithful tear ; one lone,  
'True, tender friend, of bright and bygone years  
That, some decades ago, held in their arms  
The long-lost love that I beheld tonight,  
So far away, and yet so vividly,  
Adown life's wonder-sided vista dim.

Welcome thou art, my fellow mourner, here  
Beside the grave of buried hopes ; welcome,  
Thou sweet and pure good comforter of mine ;  
And mayst thou come again some time, to me,  
For with thee comes a gentle, tender touch  
Of pity for Myself, that softeneth,  
As with an angel's kind and soothing ways,  
A heart that hath no other pain so sweet ;  
A heart that crying, bleeding with it all,  
Hugs the strong anguish, for the blessed joy  
It gave, when that young love was all the world,  
And heaven, so pure it was, and blissful.

---

### HIS ANGEL SLEPT.

Fair of face and debonair ;  
Unbound sheaves of shining hair ;  
Open throated, winning eyes ;  
Lives 'neath never-clouding skies :  
Soul that's ever moulding art ;  
True and brave, with tender heart ;  
Takes the great world as it goes ;  
Loves the pansy and the rose ;  
Finds in every flower honey ;  
Hates the miser and his money.

High of mind and clanly proud;  
Shrinks he from the rabble crowd;  
Shuns the herd and loves his friends;  
Scorns the truckling soul that bends;  
Holds the sparkling goblet high;  
Lowers it and drains it dry.  
Guardian angel of the boy,  
Watch with him through every joy;  
    Ward off dangers that environ;  
    Let thy wand be rod of iron.

'Mid the music and the bloom,  
Soft caresses and perfume,  
Where the fountains splash and play,  
Where, though light, 'tis never day,  
For the day is his in sleep;  
Dreaming dreams while reapers reap,  
Poet-born, with fancy bright,  
Plays and works he in the night;  
    With no passion mezzo-graded,  
    All sun-bright or somber-shaded.

Cold the winter wind now blows,  
Lying deep the winter snows;  
Hard and frozen is the way  
Where he's wandering astray,  
And the morning drives the dark  
From the spot where, lying stark,  
He who had been guarded well,  
At the hand of demons fell—  
    Through the shadows came they creeping;  
    Worn, his angel guard was sleeping.

## THE WOMAN OF THE MOON.

There's a portrait of a woman on the moon,  
It is graven on the shining silver disc;  
It's a face that has the tint of lily roon,  
And the bas-relief's as cameo or bisque.  
She's as handsome as a rose in early June,  
This fair and lovely woman of the moon.

A mystery's this portrait on the moon  
That was graven by the Master hand above;  
'Tis a mystery as deep as ancient rune,  
And perplexing as the woman that we love.  
She is fairest in the autumn night's high noon,  
This pure and lovely woman of the moon.

It was erst a man we pictured in the moon;  
It is better that a woman should be there,  
With the roses and the lilies 'round her strewn,  
And the light of heaven, shining on her hair.  
When the one we love is absent we may croon  
To the lovely woman graven on the moon.

---

## A TALISMAN.

What uses had he for all these—  
This ring-locked, rusty bunch of keys?  
Ah! this one closed his vault of wine;  
And this one opened up the mine  
From whence he took the store of thought  
That here are in his writings wrought.

But this! Why, here, he held his life!  
 'This was his latch-key, and his wife  
 Has thanked dear God to hear it turn.  
 Its place is 'mong the ashes in his urn.

---

### THE GOVERNOR'S VIOLIN.

'Mid the silken perfumed elegance  
 Within a stately house,  
 I've heard its rich tones ringing  
 Through the wilderings of Strauss,  
 And I've heard the sigh of gentle ones  
 Who listened while it bore  
 To charmed hearts the sweetness  
 Of the touching *Trovatore*.

I've heard it in the evening,  
 Within a quiet home,  
 Sing "Swanee River" till the bees  
 Came humming 'round the comb;  
 'Mid the phases of the wassail  
 And the joys of festal cheer  
 I've heard it change from grave to gay;  
 From lively to severe.

In tender tones of pleading,  
 In sighs of spent delight,  
 In greetings to the morning,  
 And in good-byes to the night;  
 In storms upon the ocean,

And in the songs of the birds,  
I've heard its voice, like living thing,  
In sweetest human words.

I've heard it give, stentorian,  
Command in battle's blare,  
And heard it whisper soft and low,  
Like angels in the air.  
'Mong brawny men in mining camps,  
I've seen it hush a brawl,  
Till clenched hands are open palms,  
That in each other fall.

I've seen it gather little ones  
About the player's knee,  
As did the babes of olden time  
'Round Him of Galilee.  
And to it oft I've listened  
Till all the world was kin,  
While, lovingly, its master played—  
The Governor's Violin.

---

#### A SONNET FOR SUSANNE.

Sweetheart, let me confess that I had thought  
There was no need to struggle and aspire;  
To fight through life and agonizing fire,  
For that which might by any clown be caught;  
For that which might by cheap deceit be bought;  
To lift my name and pile my riches higher.

Too much it was, for just a rose—and briar.  
And so, for Peace and plain Content, I wrought.  
Then you, dear love, beamed on my aimless life,  
And strong ambition woke my soul, and high  
The fires of emulation leapt, and rife  
Came zeal to conquer all, and bravely vie  
With every warrior in the strife,  
That I might rise and lift you to the sky.

---

## QUEEN OF ME.

She is gracious yet a tyrant, this little Queen of Me,  
I bow in hope or servitude, before her majesty,  
Where regally she holds her sway, by sovereignty her  
own,  
Beneath Love's silken canopy and from her royal  
throne.

Great Love's a power stronger than the armies of the  
earth;  
'Tis tenderness and cruelty, 'tis woe or giddy mirth;  
'Tis noble, grand and chivalrous; 'tis narrow, selfish,  
mean;  
It will make a man a hero, or a beggar, for his queen.

Aye, life would be a desert waste without the rule of  
Love;  
It makes the sum of misery, or bliss like that above;  
But I am ever singing, for this little Queen of Me,  
The sweetest songs my heart may know, and call them  
all "Haidee."

## A PALACE FOR THE QUEEN.

I have built you a beautiful palace, my queen,  
Where the blue skies are toned through a golden sheen ;  
Its towers and minarets gleam in the sun,  
And the days are all blended in one—only one—  
A long, blissful day, where never shall cease  
The morning of life, and Love's passion—and peace.

I have built you a beautiful palace, my dear,  
And a deep, wide river, that's placid and clear,  
Glides ceaselessly by, 'twixt its bloom-broidered shores,  
Where a light pinnace plies, under music-timed oars,  
Whose beats are the heart-beats, for you, in my breast ;  
The ever, forever, of love's sweet unrest.

I have built you a beautiful palace, my love,  
My queen and my sweetheart, my tigress and dove ;  
It stands 'mid the meadows and woods of my heart,  
And this, with my life and its hopes, are the part  
God gave unto me, and I give it to you,  
Bright sun of my soul, ever shining and true.

In the palace I've built you, my bright-eyed queen,  
Are fountains that spray in the midst of the green  
Of tropical plants, and elsewhere never grew  
Such flowers as grow in the gardens for you ;  
Here music and love, true art and sweet bloom,  
Shall compass my queen in their light and perfume.



SO BLOOMS THE ROSE.

Deep in the woods, beside a winding path,  
 Where gnome-faced, purple pansies grow,  
 And violets shyly peep from hiding nooks,  
 And hermit breezes come and go,  
 A wild-rose tree, in summer garb arrayed,  
 Of white and crimson, pink and green,  
 Dwells there, in gentle majesty and grace,  
 The cynosure within the sylvan scene;  
 The woodland's pride, the south-wind's loyal queen.

To my dear love she gave a pretty spray  
 Of flowers from her swelling breast,  
 A baby bud, one bursting, and a full-blown rose,  
 And one was dead, amid the rest;  
 In all, a life, from babyhood to age;  
 And you, sweetheart, are now the opening rose.  
 With me, oh may you come to be the bloom!  
 And on my breast, in peace and love, repose,  
 Till life, and all its hopes and joys, shall close.

---

WAITING FOR YOU.

I am waiting, yes, waiting and waiting;  
 Dear love, I am waiting for you.  
 In rain and in shine, 'neath glare and the vine,  
 In mist, and in frost, and in dew;  
 In hope and in pain, my hymn and refrain,  
 Are you, my dear one—just you.

You, you, you, you and only you ;  
The tint that is caught  
In the web of each thought  
That comes from my soul, is you—just you.  
At work and in dreams,  
On my life ever gleams  
The light from the love of you—just you.

For you and the love that enthalls me,  
So strong, so sacred and true,  
I pray, day and night, in darkness and light,  
That never shall come change or rue,  
And never less bliss than that in a kiss,  
From you, my sweetheart,—just you.

---

### SONG OF THE TIGER-DOVE.

Oh ! sweet is the song she sings always ;  
Her soul ever makes it so ;  
And bright her smile as the sunshine rays,  
On a field of whitest snow.  
The song that she sings comes full and free,  
From a fount of purest love ;  
The heart of the maiden dear to me,  
The soul of my Tiger-Dove.

She is tender and mild ; she will fight the wrong ;  
Her life is a poem, a storm and a song ;  
She is savage or kind in her mighty love,  
My fearless and gentle, my brave Tiger-Dove.

Oh! strong and true is the song she sings,  
As the music of the sea;  
Now soft and low, or it swells and rings,  
In the storm's wild symphony;  
As the mock-bird and the nightingale,  
In carols of praise and love;  
The lark's high glee, the whip-poor-will's wail,  
So sings my brave Tiger-Dove.

---

## THE SHRINE.

Deep in the night, the world is still,  
And I before my altar bow,  
A devotee in cloistered cell,  
Renewing here my holy vow,  
To God and thee, my hope and faith,  
For this religion, sweet, is mine,  
And here your image beams on me,  
The sacred idol of my shrine.

No anchorite in hermit cave,  
Nor cenobite in convent cell;  
No priest, or pagan worshipper,  
Hath more devoted love to tell,  
Than I in adoration here,  
Before this seraph face of thine,  
The portrait of my own Susanne;  
The sacred idol of my shrine.

## WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

When love is kind the day is bright,  
E'en though the clouds hang low ;  
There's more of beauty in the night ;  
The breezes softer blow ;  
The heart beats high and hope is strong,  
And daily toil is sweet ;  
Life is a joy, a ringing song ;  
A dance of twinkling feet.

When love is kind, when love is kind,  
Soft breezes kiss the bowers ;  
More gaily bloom the flowers ;  
Fast fly the golden hours ;  
The world is fairer, brighter ;  
The soul is strong and lighter,  
And blessings fall in showers,  
When love is kind, when love is kind.

When love is kind we live in dreams  
That come to peaceful sleep ;  
'Tis music sweet as murmuring streams,  
Or winds in forests deep.  
'Tis Eden's song when Eve was young ;  
'Tis joy that comes today ;  
It is the chant the angels sung,  
Along Judea's way.

'TIS YOU.

" Oh! how do you say such beautiful things?"

My sweetheart said to me;

" They are sweeter far than the mock-bird sings,  
When the echoing woodland family rings,  
From where he quivers his purple wings,  
And riots in his glee."

" Oh! they tell the mighty passion that swells

Your soul," she said to me;

" And they sound as sweet as the Sunday bells,  
Ringing afar, and over the dells,  
The song of love, and the story that tells  
Of Christ and Calvary."

" They reach to the stars and plunder the skies,"

My sweetheart said to me;

" They sing of the depths of my azure eyes,  
And they say that love's mornings there arise;  
That hope for all of your future lies  
Within their deep blue sea."

Yet never a word of it all, my light,

Is true—though you are true—

But, soul of my soul, my day and my night,

'Tis you, who are love, and all that is bright,

My queen and my sweetheart, my hope and might,

You make me say them—you.

## THE IDOL FELL.

Haidee, to thee I sung my lover lays;  
Within my soul thy presence tuned my shell  
To harmonies that rang but in thy praise,  
And they have soothed my aching heart full well.  
E'en now they sound the joys of other days,  
In notes as from some distant, silver bell  
And in sweet dreams I see again thy charming ways—  
Coy when the tender tale of faithful love I tell.

From out the ruins of my glowing youth,  
I dug an image fair, and called it mine.  
It seemed the goddess of my life, in sooth,  
And then became the idol of my shrine.  
It was my light, my hope, the soul of truth;  
My senses whelmed, as from excess of wine;  
Then came a flashing bolt of wrath—in that no ruth—  
Shattered, the idol fell—the altar bears a vine.

---

## ALONE I STAND.

Gone is my love—forever gone—  
Gone, O God! from me!  
And alone I stand, on the wreck of my soul,  
Far out on the open sea—  
The roaring, raging sea of life—  
And the sail of hope is torn  
To streaming shreds, and night comes on,  
Despair on its black wings borne.

But ever, forever, through night and day,  
As the wreck and I drift on;  
Through years, and ages, and endless time,  
I will love the love that is gone.  
God help me bear it, all alone!  
O Heaven, help my soul!  
And soothe my aching heart, sometime,  
On the sail to Eternity's goal.

---

## SHE WILL LOVE ME THEN.

In the Land where all is gladness;  
In the Gardens up Above,  
Where the only thought of sadness  
Is where there is not Love,  
By the River Over Yonder,  
That guards the fair Aidenn;  
'Long its flowered banks we'll wander,  
And she will love me then.

Let storms of Wrong and Sorrow  
Rage about my pathway here,  
I will live for Life's Tomorrow;  
Through its Autumn and its sere,  
Till I hear her dear voice singing  
High Hosannas, and Amen!  
With the hosts of Heaven winging,  
And I know she'll love me then.

## GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE.

Before me floats a vision of a maid in a canoe ;  
Her paddle cleaves the water and she's swiftly crushing  
    through  
A field of pure white lilies, and the bow is turned  
    away—  
Goodbye, dear little maiden, for Love has lost the day.

I know that I was dreaming, for I look again and, lo !  
'Tis quiet on the river, and the current's gentle flow  
No longer bears the maiden in her dancing, light canoe ;  
The skies have met the waters and they blend their  
    gray and blue.

Goodbye, my little one ; goodbye, my dear ;  
Sighs and another one ; tears and a year ;  
Life will go on and the world will go round ;  
Deep in forgetfulness Love will be drowned.

---

VOILA TOUT.

Like the dimness of a cloister,  
Where a cowed monk is praying,  
Is the life that's sad within me,  
Where Love's bent head is graying.

Come star-eyed one and sing to me,  
Your sweetest, brightest song, again.  
'Twill light the cell and soothe the soul,  
And sanctify Love's last Amen !



## THE COWBOY.

A scene that is set in the white silhouette  
Of the lofty, snowy mountains:  
On the swart, gray plains, where silence reigns,  
Far from the music of fountains.  
Here the longhorns graze, through the changeless  
days—  
Brown herds that wander, straying,  
Through all of the light and into the night,  
Where the coyote's cubs are playing.

Brown as a statue of bronze is he;  
Manly and strong, jolly and free;  
The foothills echo the song he sings;  
His saddle's a throne that is better than kings',  
And the cowboy has no tears or fears,  
As he rides the range and herds the steers,  
With a laugh that ripples and rings,  
And a "Whoop! who-ee! who-ee!"

He rose from a feast and came out of the east,  
With life in his pulsing veins;  
And scorning a track, on his broncho's back,  
He flings to his beast the reins.  
Gay, careless and free, in the saddle, is he,  
A king in a realm his own,  
And the lessons he learned in school he has turned  
To trimmings for his throne.

He is wild, you are told, but your honor and gold  
Are safe where he is on guard;

He flouts the cheap ranks, and he needs no banks,  
Steel-riveted, bolted and barred,  
To a brotherly call he will render all  
That reason, or more, could entreat;  
He is open and square, and his heart is as bare  
As the hoofs of his broncho's feet.

---

## AMEN! AMEN!

Blest be the man that makes things;  
Curst be the man that takes things—  
He that makes things good and true;  
He that takes things not his due.  
So may it come to be, dear God,  
To him that lifts the pen or hod.  
And we must ever pray  
That quick shall come the day  
When Will, and Voice, and Hand,  
Of Justice shall demand  
That Right and Worthy Meed,  
From grasping, grinding Greed,  
May evermore be freed.  
And so we cry, O God! to Thee—  
The King to Whom we bend the knee;  
The Only One of our ken—  
Amen! Amen!

This day is for the freemen—  
Not the lordling and his leman—  
We that work, and watch, and wait,

Should first enter at the gate  
Wherein Peace and Plenty dwell,  
And the royal road to hell  
Has no right of way, amain,  
Hot across the fair domain,  
Where we, in honest sweat,  
Earn the livelihood we get.  
We who stand in strength arrayed,  
And who drive the wheels of trade,  
By the God of Love were made,  
Not to toil, and delve, and make things,  
For the wolves that snarl and take things,  
Then come God's day, we pray again,  
Amen! Amen!

---

### THE WESTWARD TRAIL.

Rising, the sun points westward, by the shadows of the  
trees,  
The shadows of the mountains, and of monuments  
and men,  
And westward is the trending from the continents and  
seas;  
From all the earth, within the scope of mortal sight  
and ken.  
  
From where the murky waters of the dark Missouri  
flow,  
And blot the blue of Mississippi's clear and placid  
tide,

Since the dawn of Western Empire, a hundred years  
ago,

Have ridden bands of hardy men, with Progress for  
their guide.

Amid the forests and along, where to the tawny stream,  
Come branches, lazng eastward, across the desert  
plain,

They rode, and on, twixt castled buttes, to where the  
mountains gleam,

'Neath helmets of eternal snow, 'mid Nature's rug-  
ged reign.

Among the Sioux and Shoshone, and Cheyenne tribes  
that roamed,

The regions where the riders bold, undaunted took  
their way;

Along the placid rivers, and where cascades dashed and  
foamed,

They blazed the way of Empire; lit its wider,  
brighter day.

Over the mountain ranges, and among the crags and  
peaks;

Adown the streams that turn toward the great Pacific  
Sea;

Where Nature unto Nature's God her sonorous aves  
speaks,

Along the canons and the dalles, the forests and the  
lea.

Highways of steel have stretched along the trail the  
seekers made :

Great mountains have been rent in twain, deep val-  
leys bridged and spanned :

As if by magic, cities rose, and arteries of trade  
Have pulsed the blood of enterprise through all this  
gloryland.

This gloryland where Nature's mood is wild, and free,  
and strong,

Where awful rise the mountain kings, where sweep  
the river queens,

In majesty unspeakable, and where the forest's song,  
In high hosanna, rolls above its sea of evergreens.

Now hers is high prosperity, and happiness, and health,  
With life that throbs in ecstasy amid the golden  
gifts ;

Now the favored land rejoices in blest, God-given  
wealth,

And in thanksgiving, ardently, its grateful voice up-  
lifts.

Then Ho ! for the land of plenty, under the western  
sun !

And Ho ! for the land of flowers, land of the vine  
and tree !

Ho ! for the land of grit and gold, the land by heroes  
won !

Ho ! for the land of Fortune's home, along the west-  
ern sea !

And shout for the flag—"Old Glory!" Shout for its  
waving bars,

Where blaze the crimson tintings of the sunset's lus-  
trous dyes,

And gleams the snow of the mountains that reach  
toward the stars;

The bravest flag that ever rose to kiss a nation's  
skies!

'Twas borne by heroes, valiantly, along the Western  
Trail,

The young republic's light and pride, "Old Glory,"  
Hail! All hail!

---

### WHEN WE WERE OVER THERE.

*Inscribed to the Press Club of Chicago.*

Musing, alone one night, I sat within that ancient room,  
And many lights were struggling against the stubborn  
gloom;

The dark portieres hung somber as the drapings of a  
pall,

And they seemed to rustle whispers to the silence of  
the hall.

Against the gloomy, time-stained walls the well-loved  
portraits hung,

Of some who were my loyal friends when life and hope  
were young.

Now as I look upon them, from out their kindly eyes,

One seems to chide, another smiles, and yet another  
cries.

The face that chides seems saying; "Hear me, and  
turn away  
From evil things, dear friend of mine, and gather, while  
you may,  
The good that brings, to worthy age, full comfort, rest  
and peace,  
And then, beyond life's bivouac, a hope for pain's sur-  
cease."

The face that smiles seems saying: "What a gay and  
happy time  
That was we had, my dear old boy, when, in our youth-  
ful prime,  
We gathered all the joy that came our bright and jolly  
way,  
And life was laugh and loitering, and eke a pleasing  
play."

The face that cries seems saying: "Al! we have sorely  
wept,  
When, by the bier of loved ones, we have stood where  
rudely swept  
A raging storm of pain and grief, across our stricken  
souls,  
More fierce than where, in sudden wrath, the dread  
tornado rolls."

I fain would heed them, everyone, and sigh, and smile,  
and weep;

I love them all, and humbly beg that I may surely keep  
Their love for me, unfailing, in the world beyond the  
                  skies;

A friendship that is holiness and one that never dies.

Good-night! Good-night! My dear old friends,  
                  Good-night!

I'll laugh, and cry, and try to make amends;  
                  Good-night!

---

### CONTENTMENT.

And was he great? Then pity him, O God!  
Unless, withal, that other thing was his,  
In Cosmos known as Power.

                  Great in what?

In Thought, and Soul, and Love, and Handicraft?  
Then was he disapproved of men, and Hate,  
Of all the devils not cast out the worst—  
The greediest and most relentless fiend  
Bred from the vilest passions known to hell,  
Shadowed his way and gloated at his grave.

Unless he rode when others, weak and worn,  
Betrod a flinty trail, barefoot; feasted  
While others lacked for bread, or held a place  
So high, by wealth or cunning, that the crowd  
Groveled to him, then Greatness cast him down.



God's mills may grind as small as sunbeam dust,  
Yet he that hath but Art, and Soul, and Love,  
Will get no grist, or toll unto himself.  
Mayhap a dole, dealt out with arrogance,  
Shall fall into his trembling, crinkled palm—  
But not for Justice or for Pity's sake.

And yet to him who seeketh not, shall come,  
Through Art, and Soul, and Love, a better thing.  
Content, the nurse of Peace, shall fold him close  
Within her arms, betimes, and guide his steps,  
And bide with him through all his days, to soothe  
And comfort him, and give him blissful rest.

---

## POVERTY.

Is there a thing that lives, upheld by God,  
Or demigod, or any other god,  
That bids thee live, gaunt, unjust Poverty?  
And yet from Eden, and all anywhere  
That human life has come and wept, or laughed,  
Full every instant of the way, hast thou,  
A muzzle-dripping wolf, beset and dogged  
The path of Innocence and Helplessness;  
To snarl and bite, harass and terrify;  
To play the sneaking coward that thou art,  
Against the weak, impotent for defense.

Yet ye who robed in surplice and in silk,  
And drink pure wine to say it is God's blood,  
Ye dare to stand before the face of them

That suffer and proclaim that this is right:  
That Poverty is God-ordained, a scourge  
To lash into the soul His signs of love.  
But you, so sacred and so near to Him,  
Ye need it not. Fools that deceive yourselves!

There is no hell elsewhere, but such a place  
As this that you and all your kind have made  
For other souls to seethe and suffer in,  
Should be the place for you that lie of God;  
A den of wolves and fiends, of fire and snakes,  
Of devils and of Poverty and fear,  
Built out of selfishness, while they you doom,  
In all the sweet content and peace, afar,  
That poet's soul can sing, may jubilate.

Aye, Poverty hath drabbed, in filth and mold,  
With hideous spots, the glorious world.  
No semblance of excuse appears, withal.  
That reason may deduce, for Poverty,  
But from the day that records tell, or lore  
Hath taught where things begin, or where they end,  
Down to the moment that the clock hath ticked,  
This blight has cursed and crucified the world,  
And wrought, in every age, to create crime.

This is no selfish cry, for I am rich—  
In friends, and health, and books to read, and dwell  
In luxury, compared with Poverty.  
And yet I suffer, seeing suffering  
That friends, and health, and books cannot control.  
O! Great Jehovah! send the golden time  
When Poverty shall be no more. Amen!

## A MAN.

From whence?

It matters not, for he is here,  
And there, and anywhere, when duty calls.  
Truth in his garb and honor points his way.  
He groans beneath no load. He is so strong  
That burdens lightly lie upon his arm.  
When love's soft breezes sweep the windharp strings  
Attuned within his soul, comes swelling high  
The melody of tenderness, that fills  
The utmost diapason of the song.

Unconscious of all weariness, he rests  
Upon the rock of rectitude, and sees,  
So far as human sight may reach, the fields  
Of undulating thought that brightly bloom  
About him, and deep inhales the fragrance.  
Arouse, by slightest sign, his sense of wrong,  
And instant every nerve has sprung alert,  
In high demand that right be quickly done  
And evil crushed beneath the heel of Justice.

This but the portrait limned by hand of Art.  
The man is dead. But he will live again,  
When Right has risen to her place on earth,  
Commanding kings, and cliques, and all that is.

## WHEN LEAST I THINK.

The gentle bard of Avon quaintly sings,  
    " When most I wink then do my eyes best see."  
Strange, and yet true it is, when least I think  
    I'm thinking most of thee.  
My love for thee's so full and great  
It needs not thought to give it weight.

---

## THE CAPTIVE.

My soul is tangled and tied, Susanne,  
    In the web of your lustrous hair ;  
The captive nestles amid the net  
    And fondles the silken snare ;  
He clamors and sings, in drunken glee—  
    Glad to be fettered there ;  
Held in the joy and madness of love ;  
    Bound by your beautiful hair.

In passionate pleading, Queen Susanne,  
    The prisoner shouts his prayer :  
" Hold me close, and forever, my liege,  
    A slave that is willing there."  
Freedom would be a sorrow, Susanne,  
    Life would be bleak and bare,  
Were I not held in the web and mesh,  
    And the tresses of your hair.

My paradise is the cave, Susanne,  
    Where I breathe the laden air

That reels my senses and soul in love,  
 From the perfume of your hair.  
 I bury my life in its wavy mass;  
 Laugh at the coming of care,  
 And pillow my fiercest passion, deep,  
 Amid your glorious hair.

---

THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

Amid a throng of joyous souls,  
 Within a soft and golden light,  
 Where music rang and maidens sang,  
 I mingled, sad and lone, tonight.

The sparkling jest and merry laugh,  
 Were dull and dreary—all—to me;  
 You were away, sweet hope and stay,  
 And my lone soul was far at sea.

But in that sea and in the night,  
 I found a beauteous, star-lit isle;  
 I called your name and morning came,  
 Bright with the glory of your smile.

In songs of birds I heard your voice,  
 And 'mong the roses, rich and rare,  
 Of pink-white bloom and soft perfume,  
 Your dear-loved form came to me there.

Upon a mossy bank I fell,  
 And day-dreams came, of purest bliss;

The bluest skies shone in your eyes,  
And deep love lived in every kiss.

Oh! come and crown those dreams, dear soul.  
I cannot live on dreams of isles.  
I want you, dear, forever near,  
Where I may live in your fond smiles.

---

### SONG OF THE STORM.

I stood on a cliff, 'neath a wide-spreading tree;  
Below and away was the far-reaching sea.  
The great billows roared and dashed 'gainst the rock,  
Foaming and boiling, and seeming to mock  
The tempest of thunder and rain; and the clouds,  
As black as the draping of biers, or the shrouds  
Of the dead, swept over the deep and the shore;  
The storm rode fierce on the wind, and the roar  
Of Nature's wild harmony sounded the song:  
"Hold higher thy soul! Be true and be strong!"

---

### AWAKENING.

Come hither, my soul, now straying;  
I wish to think and do.  
My strength is crippled and swaying,  
Without the help of you.  
The days are gloomy and dreary,  
And lonesome and long the night;

I am worn, and weak, and weary ;  
 I need you to guide me aright.

Now lift me up to the morning,  
 Where day comes rosy and bright,  
 The hills of life adorning  
 In the smile of a wonderful light.  
 Now Faith and Hope are beaming,  
 And Love is strong again ;  
 I have awakened from useless dreaming,  
 And stalwart stand among men.

The blade of my battle-sword's gleaming,  
 And true is the line of array ;  
 The banner of Duty is streaming,  
 The guide to the right and the way.

---

WHEN SOPHIA SERVES.

'Tis pleasanter to eat and drink ;  
 The cloth is daintier—I think ;  
 There's more of pansy, rose and pink,  
 When Sophia serves.  
 The sun beams in with softer glow,  
 Thru curtained casement, and the flow  
 Of her kind talk makes other folks de trop,  
 When Sophia serves.

Her voice is gentle and her eyes  
 Are merry twinkling—in them lies

An ambushed danger—so be wise,  
    When Sophia serves.  
Her smile adds relish to the feast—  
I find it so, myself, at least—  
For I'm no anchorite, or priest,  
    When Sophia serves.

Yes, all the way from soup to nuts;  
Thru fish and salads, birds and cuts,  
I find it fine—no ifs nor buts—  
    When Sophia serves.  
I'm glad 'tis so that I can be  
Where Sophia deigns to wait on me;  
In short, it suits me mightily,  
    When Sophia serves.

---

### THE MUSIC OF ERIN OF OLD.

Sweet as the sound of far-away bells,  
Ringing and chiming over the dells,  
Deep in the heart of memory dwells  
    The music of Erin of old.  
A smile and a tear, a zephyr of June,  
An evening of love, a wreath and a rune,  
Soul of a song and life of a tune,  
    Rose and shamrock, girdled in gold—  
    The music of Erin of old!

Strong as the roar of thundering seas,  
Soft as the rustle of leaves in the breeze,



Light as the wind over blossoming leas—  
The music of Erin of old ;  
Voice of a hero and prattle of child,  
Gentle and fierce as the wail of the wild,  
Flashing and crooning, caressing and mild,  
True and tender, pleading and bold—  
The music of Erin of old !

---

## A MOUNTAIN VALLEY.

I am not color-blind, and yet, the stream is blue—or  
green—  
I know not which, as royally it marches down between  
The mountain lords, a stately queen.

Up yon the river enters, where you see that wedge of  
blue ;  
On either side a grassy field spreads from the banks,  
and through—  
Down yon—it cuts the range in two.

The sun strides rapidly across, from east to western  
pile,  
Then gaily gilds the orient line, as with a wicked smile,  
Night's dusky siren to beguile.

## A LESSON.

Fame is a faltering, stuttering thing,  
That sometimes cannot talk, and yet may sing,  
But when it sings the songs are worn and old,  
And ever their burden is: "Get gold, get gold!"

The lesson is, that Love, Content and Peace,  
Sought faithfully, will bring without surcease,  
More Joy than Riches can, or Fame and Pride—  
True Good, that heirs will cheerfully divide.

---

## THE PORTRAIT OF SUSANNE.

Sweetheart, Susanne, the night is wild  
And fierce the north-wind blows,  
Howling and mad, the storm's own child,  
But the fire-light dances and glows,  
Within the grate, and gently throws  
A color true, and soft, and mild,  
Upon your pictured face, and shows  
The living tint of the crimson rose,  
Susanne.

Between us two, across the land,  
Lie mountain, lake and plain;  
White and grim, 'neath the strong, cold hand  
Of the winter-king, but the reign  
Of my own queen, Susanne, has lain  
Upon my soul, a glory grand,  
And storms may howl and beat amain;

Within your smile they threat in vain,  
Susanne.

My own Susanne, your face so fair;  
The sea-blue eyes and rose-hued cheek;  
The regal brow—all pictured there—  
Crowned beneath your tawny hair,  
Smiles down on me and seems to speak  
The love that I have joyed to seek;  
Before that smile away flies care—  
The storm without may howl and shriek,  
Susanne.

---

#### MAN AND THE CLAY.

There came into the world a baby boy,  
More helpless than a new-fledged nestling dove.  
He lay but scant two beats of time beside  
His swooning mother when a wisp of air—  
The air of earth—crept through his nostrils, down  
To where his tiny life lay quivering.  
That little breath was as a mighty blow  
To such a tender thing as that. For this  
The baby wailed with such a lusty cry  
That those about stood wondering and amazed.  
They soothed and swaddled him. With anxious care  
They nursed him and his mother, until joy  
Came to the household there with strength of both.  
The mother smiled with happiness, and he  
Was earnest at the fount of nourishment.

Thus came another, with a certain claim  
For sustenance, and for an honest name.

One day the infant learned, with frightened glee,  
That he could feebly stand, almost alone,  
By clutching with his gripless, baby hands.  
His mother's gown. And then some toddling steps  
He took, across the yawning space that lay  
From mother's arms to father's outstretched palms ;  
And, boldly now, he totters to a fall  
Betwixt his sire's safe-harboring knees.  
Soon came some lisping, little words, the tongue  
Of baby-land, to mothers, only known,  
And they alone interpret that, yet think  
'Tis passing strange that others know it not,  
So plain it is and simple, unto them.  
These little steps and words were mighty signs—  
The flake of snow that starts the avalanche.  
Of drops God made the vasty seas that roll  
Against the continents, from pole to pole.

With added years the infant's steps grew strong ;  
His speech a torrent, and he wished to know  
More than his elders could always vouchsafe.  
He learned the woods and fields ; the ways, as well,  
Of living things ; the bees and birds ; of kine  
And colts, horses, the rabbit and the fox ;  
The flowers, herbs and trees—he knew them all—  
And lived as near to nature as he dared.  
Manly he grew, a boast among his mates  
And pride of those most near and dear to him.  
Then thought, and work, and fortune, brought to him





SUSANNE

Command in science, art and high emprise.  
Empire was his amid the elements,  
And feebler folk stood awed before his strength;  
The weakest grown to be the mightiest.

Here, at the zenith of his potent sway,  
He died, and there he lies, a lump of clay.  
And yet he lives, in thought, and art, and song;  
For that he wrought, imposingly and strong.  
The ardent fire of his soul consumes  
The clay, and all his mighty work illumines.

---

SUSANNE.

My fair Susanne, my sweet Susanne,  
When first my love for you began,  
I held it as a passing joy;  
The madcap fancy of a boy.  
Susanne.

And yet I was a full-grown man,  
My dear Susanne, my good Susanne.  
And that love grew with every day,  
Till all my life is in its sway,  
Susanne.

There is no thought, or hope, or plan,  
My soul, Susanne, my light, Susanne,  
But springs from that fond love, and lies  
Within the glory of your eyes,  
Susanne.

And I am blest, of all the clan,  
My own Susanne, my true Susanne.  
Your love is mine, and that will be  
An everlasting song to me,  
Susanne.

---

### THE WRECK.

Out of day and the peaceful sleep  
Of calm on the blue and vasty deep,  
A gallant steamer rode ;  
Into the dark of a stormy night ;  
Into the ocean's rage and might,  
That howling tempests goad.

On with the winds and pitiless waves ;  
Dashed on the rocks where the mad sea raves,  
The noble vessel's lost,  
And through the storm and darkness wild,  
The last voice heard was the wail of a child,  
On the crest of a billow tossed.

---

### AT LAST.

Strange I have lived so many years,  
And trudged along the way  
Of Life, its joys, its tears and fears,  
Among the grave and gay ;



Have met fair maids, and winsome ones,  
And sung the roundelay  
Of Love 'neath all the season's suns,  
But never till today  
Has any woman won my soul,  
Enmeshed my heart and surely stole  
My love, and bore it to the goal  
Of perfect bliss—and with a kiss—  
Till you, Susanne,  
Took it away,  
On yon bright yesterday.

And now, sweetheart, I live for you,  
And shall, dear soul, alway,  
With one fond thought, forever true,  
To you, my light and way,  
And that to make you happy, dear.  
For this I'll always pray—  
And work—through every day and year,  
Within the radiant ray  
Of light from your fond, loving smile.  
For that alone would sweet beguile  
Aeons of time, and all the while  
My soul would sing: "I am the King,"  
For sweet Susanne  
Is mine today,  
Tomorrow and alway.

## THE MASTER HAND.

When skill, and will, and the Master hand,  
Shall strive in unison and peace,  
Then closer and stronger Love's golden band  
Shall bind all men, and hate will cease.  
Then right by might shall, honestly, be done ;  
Then will the word be true and just,  
Beneath the bright light of Fraternity's sun,  
In honor, in faith, and in trust.

When to the ploughshare is shapened the sword,  
And spears are to pruning hooks turned,  
Then shall the soul of good-will be outpoured,  
And lessons of godliness learned.  
The forge and the bench, the easel and pen ;  
The labor of heart, mind and hand,  
Shall gladden the art and work of all men,  
And glorify every land.

---

## "GOODBYE: IT IS GOD'S WAY."

"Goodbye," he said, "It is God's way ;  
His will be done, not ours."  
A nation weeps, its great heart torn,  
And Death's dark angel towers  
Above Columbia's pride and hope,  
And shouts to Life's wild sea :  
"True words were his, and he is safe,  
'Nearer, O God, to Thee.'"

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," he said;  
"Goodbye, it is God's way;  
His will be done, not ours," his words,  
And went to Heaven's day.  
And now we sing the threnody,  
A nation's wailing cry;  
A song of sorrow echoes him;  
The great man's last "Goodbye."

The nation mourns her hero son,  
Whose strong and tender hand  
Wrought faith, and hope, and blessed peace,  
And shaped the golden band  
That bound her people once again,  
In helpful, hearty love,  
And may his lofty soul live on,  
With God in joy above.

---

## ALONG THE WAY.

Along Life's highway I shall stroll,  
And sing my song right cheerily,  
For health of heart and joy of soul,  
That all the world goes merrily.  
I'll revel in the woods and fields,  
Beside sweet Nature's mystery,  
And live to love, and love to live,  
Amid God's moving history.

I'll eat and drink, and work and sleep,

Court Peace and banish Sorrow,  
Till long processions of the years  
Shall bring me Life's tomorrow.  
Nor shall the years bring age to me,  
For Love shall keep me soulfully;  
I'll learn no threnody to sing,  
Nor aught to mumble dolefully.

---

## VIVA.

Child of my heart and daughter of my soul,  
I yearn to see you, every hour;  
Yet I have seen the years unroll  
Without you near, and dark clouds lower  
In all the skies that were so clear and bright,  
For you had been my sun and strongest light.

I heard the first faint cry that came from you,  
With that strange joy of youthful sire  
That freshens all his manhood's hopes anew,  
And fills his soul with fond desire  
To do and dare the best that may be done,  
In all his life, to help that little one.

I knelt, my babe, down at your feet,  
To see their first steps toddling taken,  
And at your pillow I have watched, my sweet,  
To see you with the morn awaken,  
And mark the look of mild and grave surprise  
Within your great and wondering baby eyes.

Much did I marvel, dear one, as you grew  
To be a coy and charming maiden,  
How came the many learned thoughts to you  
With which your girlish speech was laden,  
For you were wise beyond your numbered days,  
And strangely staid in all your bonny ways.

Your very step was blessedness to me.  
Through all your child-life's rosy morning,  
And all your maiden graces, frank and free,  
Were of your nature's own adorning.  
But now, amid my sorrow, pain and strife,  
I miss you every moment of my life.

---

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

She is pretty, mamma, wid her red an' shiney breast,  
An' oh! she was so busy when she made her cosy nest;  
'Deed I saw her totein' straws an' strings, de whole day  
long,  
An' her mate, he was a helpin', an' he sung de sweetes'  
song,  
An' den I saw five tiny eggs, as cute as dey could be,  
Wid little brown specks on dem, an' dey all belongs to  
me—  
De little Robin Red-breasts, an' dere eggs, an' all o'  
dat—  
For I was firs' to fine dem, an' know where dey is at.

Yes, I know. 'Deed I know. Sometime I'll tell you  
dat,

For I'se de on'y one dat knows jus' where de nest is at.

Now mamma, w'at you think I know, all 'bout dat lit-  
tle nest,

An' de little mamma-bird dat's got de red an' shiney  
breast,

An' Mister Robin, lookin' wise an' sittin' on a limb,

An' actin' like he thought dere ain't no bird as big as  
him!

De little speckled eggs is gone, an' w'at is strange to  
me,

Dere's five de funnies' little birds you never didn't see.

Wid great big moufs an' shut-up eyes, an' fedders sof'  
like wool—

I can't see how dey lives in dere, de nest's so brim-up  
full.

Yes, I know. 'Deed I know. Sometime I'll tell you  
dat,

For Ise de on'y one dat knows jus' where dem birds  
is at.

Oh, mamma dear! dem little birds—de baby birds, you  
know—

Ise 'fraid dey's fixin' up to leave dey's pretty home  
an' go.

Dey's growed so big an' learned to fly, an' sometimes  
goes away

So far out in de garden, I don't see dem every day—

Jus' one or two—an' mamma, dey's learnin' how to  
sing,

An' looks jus' like de ole ones—red breast an' olive wing.

Oh! do you think, dear mamma, dey will go away to stay?

"Alas! my child, through all the world, forever that's the way."

Yes, I know. 'Deed I know. But I'm not sorry dat I foun' de place where nest an' eggs, an' little birds was at.

---

JESSIE GRAY.

My lassie dear, I have it here—

A heart that's strong and true,  
And every day, when sad or gay,  
'Tis always loving you.

So come and rest, upon my breast,  
We'll light our love anew;  
My soul and song to you belong;  
My life is all for you.

All for you, my Jessie Gray;  
All for you, my lassie,  
And when I'm sailing far away,  
My thoughts are ever, night and day,  
All for you, my lassie; all for you.

Oh! come with me, across the sea,  
My darling Jessie Gray;

No more to roam, I'll make a home  
Where you shall happy stay.  
My willing arm will shield from harm  
My sweetheart, kind and true,  
And I will live and freely give  
My life and all for you.

All for you, my Jessie Gray ;  
All for you, my lassie.  
With love and hope through every day,  
I'll work, and sing along the way.  
All for you, my lassie ; all for you.

---

### OH! SAILOR, WE SHALL SEE.

When you come back, my sailor boy,  
When you come back to me,  
We'll sing and dance, my sailor boy,  
And you'll forget the sea.  
You'll kiss me then, my sailor boy,  
You'll kiss me—one—two—three,  
And then, perhaps—and then, perhaps—  
Oh! sailor, we shall see.  
Perhaps you'll kiss me sometimes more ;  
Oh! sailor, we shall see.

Oh! come ye back, my sailor boy ;  
Oh! come ye back to me.  
I love you so, my sailor boy,  
I'm jealous of the sea.



But when you come, my sailor boy  
How happy I will be!  
And then, perhaps—and then, perhaps—  
You'll wish to marry me.  
And then, perhaps, I'll blush and say:  
Oh! sailor, we shall see. .

---

“GOD BLESS HER SOUL.”

While I wandered through a city—  
A city of the dead—  
I paused amid the monuments,  
And from their cold lips read  
The farewell words that loving hands  
Upon the stones had traced  
For sake of sweet remembrance, and  
To light death's peopled waste.

Among them all was one that bore  
A short but soulful line.  
To me it was a volume, and  
Of Love a mighty sign;  
Beneath the stone, in peaceful rest  
A sweet, beloved wife,  
Had gone to sleep, to wake no more.  
Till God's eternal life.

But eloquence that heaven hears  
Was on the marble there;  
In one short line the truest love

Had breathed a living prayer.  
My heart welled up and to my eyes  
A sigh-sent tear drop stole,  
For wondrous love had graven there,  
"Oh Dear God, Bless Her Soul."

---

### THE QUEEN.

Her smile is like the showers  
Of tintings from the flowers,  
When the wind from the southward gently blows ;  
She's my queen of love and beauty,  
All my hope, and life, and duty ;  
The sister of the lily and the rose.

No knight in olden story  
Has bent before the glory  
Of such a grand and ever-gracious crown,  
As her hair so soft and shining,  
That with odored love entwining,  
Binds my heart in its mesh of tangling brown.

For the love of her I cherish,  
I would live in pain, or perish ;  
Yet, in all the universe, no prize  
Is so worth the work of winning,  
By noble deeds—or sinning—  
As one fond glance from the heaven of her eyes.

## THOSE EYES OF YOURS.

'There's nothing in the living world—  
    Inside, or out of doors,—  
That's near so beautiful, my love,  
    As those bright eyes of yours.

A gleam of love-light dances there,  
    And now bewildering pours  
Its ray, blue-gray, into my own,  
    From those dear eyes of yours.

Golconda's mines and all the wealth  
    Of India's rarest stores  
Of gems and jewels, pale beside  
    Those lovely eyes of yours.

And as the devotee bends low,  
    Before the idol he adores,  
I kneel in worship, faith and hope,  
    Before those gray-blue eyes of yours.

---

AMEN.

Dear soul, we knew and loved each other when  
There was no earth: ere Eden's birth, and then,  
    While atoms joined to take  
    The form of all that is and make  
The universe, we loved as now,  
Entirely and without a vow.

'Twas not a plan ;  
'Twas part of God and man,  
And Cosmos, whose infinitude  
Is but Jehovah's mighty mood.  
And He, beyond all human ken ;  
Before the heavens were, or men,  
The neucleus was, of all  
In reason's reach, and thrall  
Of thought, or aught that may be taught.

Down through all that until this tick of time,  
Has lived our love, true, ardent and sublime.  
And thus forever shall it be,  
The soul and all of you and me.  
Beyond expression's power and far above  
All else, shall live that glowing love,  
Through everlasting life ;  
Through evolution's strife.  
'To tell its wondrous satisfaction, now and then,  
With joy, unspeakable in other words, "Amen !"  
Shall voice it from the angels' pæan,  
My love, my life, my soul-twin queen.  
And that is all that need be said—  
Now or again—  
'Twixt lives that are as ours wed :  
Amen ! Amen !

THE ISLAND BRIDGE.

There's a lane among the sumachs,  
 And it leads along the sands  
 To another lane of willows,  
 Just beyond the wooded lands;  
 Here's a bending of the roadway,  
 And it rises to the ridge,  
 In a graceful, sweeping, turning,  
 To the dear, old, island bridge.

There's a grassy nook, that's shaded  
 'Neath the boughs of ancient trees.  
 Across the bridge, beyond the gate;  
 The perfume-laden breeze  
 Steals about it, like the fairies  
 Playing tiny pipes o' Pan.  
 And singing merry, tinkling songs,  
 That praise my sweet Susanne.

There are days that I remember  
 With a flush of grateful bliss,  
 When along the road we loitered,  
 And upon the bridge a kiss  
 I took, as toll—but gave it back—  
 For, as the statutes ran,  
 I had no right to levy thus—  
 And keep the goods—Susanne.

I stood upon the bridge tonight;  
 The glorious moon rode high  
 Above the lofty forest front,

That walled the western sky ;  
A single shadow fell athwart—  
The shadow of a man—  
And I stood there, alone with that.  
We needed yours, Susanne.

---

## LOVE'S AUTUMN.

Away down in the country, when the leaves begin to  
fall,  
And the morning-glories loosen their hold upon the  
wall ;  
When the corn is standing, tented, in the long, yellow  
rows,  
And the partridge, with his new song, is idling 'mong  
the crows,  
There's a haziness and dreaminess, that hang low in  
the air,  
And Love and Recollection come to dally with us there.

Now it is the gray October,  
And the summer-time is over ;  
The partridge pipes a sad note in his song ;  
Now the mellow sunlight's sifting  
Where the fallen leaves are drifting  
And an old, lost love comes weeping along.

The memory of a loving, in the days of long ago,  
Comes softly down the heart-way, in the fall-time's  
gentle glow,

'Then it bows, and smiles, and melts away—a coy and  
tender dream—  
In the vari-tinted forest, 'cross the leaf-quilts on the  
stream—  
Oh! Love has had her harvest-home; the grain is  
threshed and milled;  
The feast and dance are over and the song of joy  
is stilled.

---

## MARGARET.\*

Will I try to sing a love-song?  
Indeed I will, and sweet,  
And from my heart as true and strong  
As in its throbbings might belong,  
Had it a younger beat.

I'll sing of love that none have seen  
Since Christ paid all the debt;  
Till came sweet Charity's own queen,  
As humble as the Nazarene,  
Big-hearted Margaret.

A wedded maid and peerless,  
With 'beauty none at all,  
But a soul as pure and fearless,  
And as crystal in its clearness,  
As Eve's before the fall.

Her spouse was simple Tenderness,  
Her babes the waifs and strays;

The fatherless and motherless;  
The little ones of dark distress,  
Among Life's rugged ways.

The God above will greet thee,  
And He who said of old,  
"Let little ones come unto me,"  
And blessed them at His holy knee,  
Will take thee to His fold.

Thy statue and thy monument,  
In loving hearts are set;  
The emblems of thy good intent;  
The work to which thy soul was bent;  
Love-sainted Margaret.

---

\*Margaret was a poor washer-woman of New Orleans, who worked for many years to earn a fortune which she used to build a home for little children of the street. The people of New Orleans built a monument to her after she died, and on it placed a statue of Margaret—the first monument and statue erected to a woman in America.

---

### SO COMES THE KING.

A fragile spray and then a yellow bloom,  
A single day of gold; and ere 'tis eve  
The yellow leaflets fold in pink. The loom  
Of night its sable mysteries will weave;  
And 'mong them at the dawn the flower glows  
Crimson and closed as 'twere the bud of rose.



"KING COTTON" IN ALL ITS STAGES.





Then with the season grows the emerald boll,  
 From out whose bosom bursts the snowy locks,  
 The life and hope—the Body and the Soul  
 Of something greater than the mines and flocks  
 Of all the land; a power and a wealth  
 Leading a train of fortune and of health.

This is the birth of Cotton, who was King,  
 And royal yet, although his realm and state,  
 No more with song of chivalry shall ring;  
 But on his moods the Lords of Commerce wait;  
 He clothes the world and feeds the hungry mouth  
 Of humble folk. He glorifies the South.

---

### THE STORY ON THE DOOR.

My father carved a door; the scene he wrought  
 Was of an oak, where sat a blinking owl,  
 High on an upper branch, and seeming thought  
 Himself a lofty one, a lordling fowl,  
 That took no heed of smaller birds than he.  
 An air of sanctity he wore, and look  
 Of mighty consequence. Naught could he see  
 Beyond himself. All else an empty book.

Snugly, upon another branch, beneath,  
 A pair of birds had built their cosy nest;  
 Sheltered from storm, amid a leafy wreath;  
 A home that staunch had stood the tempest test,  
 And here they watched and fed their brood of three,

And sung their happy songs the livelong day,  
Till came a serpent, gliding from the tree;  
A monster, hissing terror and dismay.

Then whizzing came a bee that drove his sting  
Into the viper's fanged and hideous head,  
Until the vile and threatening thing  
Fell writhing to the earth, clammy and dead.  
The carven door to that great mansion's hall,  
Repeats the truth that humble friends oft are,  
In time of need, the truest of them all—  
And helpful friends are glorious and rare.

---

### LOVE ISLAND.

'Tis sweet to remember the fair day, my darling,  
When in a light boat I rowed you away,  
Across the blue waters; a white-throated starling  
Sang his bright love-song for us two that day.  
Oh! that was in springtime and wild flowers broidered  
The banks of Love Island and all of its shore;  
Amid its deep tangle we wandered and loitered,  
And wished that our home should be there evermore.

But now 'tis November and you are away, love;  
The forest is dappled, the tangles are gray;  
From over Love Island the call of the ring-dove,  
Sounds a fond echo of that yesterday.  
Yet, dear one, I'm waiting; I know you will meet me,  
Happy and faithful, with truth in your eyes,

And in a sweet love-song I know you will greet me,  
To sail for the island where love never dies.

'Then here's to the island,  
Of vine-land and highland;  
Dear little island of love for us two;  
'Tis your land and my land;  
'Tis ever Love Island;  
The boat sailing there has but us for the crew.

---

HENRY CLAY.

A lofty granite column lifts  
Its towering white toward the skies,  
From where Kentucky's sunshine sifts  
Through foliage of trees that rise  
To shade the City of the Dead,  
And stands he there who grandly said:  
"Rather would I be right than President";  
His form majestic on the monument—  
Clay, great Harry of the West,  
To fame and memory blest.

In eloquent appeal he stands,  
Pride of the land he loved, and brave,  
With soul, and voice, and honest hands,  
To help; to lead, conserve and save,  
Amid the nation's anxious days,  
Along the paths of peaceful ways.  
From Honor's mount these noble words he sent

“Rather would I be right than President.”

Thus came to Henry Clay  
The patriot's wreath of bay.

---

### CASTELAR.

'Tis bitter to love her thus, he said ;  
'Tis bitter that she loves me.  
'Twere better to go where death hath led,  
Where war is cruel, and blood is shed—  
Far better than thus to be.

She hath a lord of her own—is wed—  
Forsooth a man of low degree,  
But many a league of land outspread,  
He holds by a fief, inherited,  
And a vassal tenantry.

I have a fief ; 'tis in my hand,  
A blade that did never rust,  
And east and west in every land,  
I held my own, with the trusty brand,  
But now it must sheathe in dust.

Why do I linger about her gates?  
I seldom see her, alas !  
And who but a laggard mopes and waits,  
By the window the wan moon tessellates,  
To see her shadow pass?

The gold of her hair has tangled me,  
Yet I have never loved gold.  
The white of her throat, and the ivory  
Of her bosom, chained me in ecstasy  
When her lips the secret told.

I envy the lily upon her breast,  
The rose in her shining hair;  
I chide the sun who lags in the west;  
I wait in the garden she loves the best—  
She promised to meet me there.

I held her close in my arms last night;  
Oh, the pain of stolen bliss!  
She checked me with grief that was half delight,  
The loves that were wrong, the hearts that were right,  
Clung close in that pleading kiss.

Her lord is brawny and strong of arm,  
But comely and kind, men say;  
The brute that is in him may take alarm,  
When he knows her heart with its depth of calm  
Has passed forever away.

Why tarries she yet? 'Tis very late,  
And the night-bird bodeth ill;  
But hist! I hear by the oaken stair,  
Loud angry words—a cry of despair,  
Ah, God! Now all is still.

I knew no bars, I knew no bolts,  
I knew no doors of oak,

I traversed the stairs and sounding floors;  
The chambers were closed—the great carved doors  
Fell to a thunder-stroke.

Oh, rose! Oh, lily! Oh, poor white dove;  
And the blood-stain on her breast,  
And the parting lips still quivering—  
Great God, I heard rude laughter ring!  
By the cross, I stand confessed!

By the rood! I saw his brutal hulk  
Stand midway in the door,  
'Twas hard to slay so strong a man,  
But I had slain the Saracen—  
And her blood cried from the floor.

Little may vulgar strength avail  
'Gainst arm that's nerved with steel;  
He lies at the foot of a carven knight—  
And I—I kissed her lips "Good night."  
Good night! All peace, all rest go hence;  
Good night to all but penitence.

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### RENAISSANCE.

'Twas in the fairest season of the year,  
That comes to where the yellow Tiber flows  
Southward, among Italia's sunlit hills,  
And when the sweetest bloom of Latium blows,  
With staff and dog I strolled along the streets,



Then out, and far away from modern Rome  
Adown a fruit-tree shaded road that led  
Beside the walls of many a lordly home;  
Then on to Tusculum, the place where lie  
The moss-grown ruins of the gleaming pile  
That great Lucullus bravely built, ere yet  
The gentle Nazarene, with God's sweet smile,  
Had come to bless, and save the world, and die.

I wandered 'mid the crumbling walls, and mused  
Upon the scenes that, centuries ago,  
Had been enacted there in luxury,  
And of the wealth and splendor, and the flow  
Of wit and wine among the Roman lords;  
Of beauties of the time, in robes that clung  
In graceful folds about their faultless forms;  
The singers, and the dulcet songs they sung,  
Where now the lizard and the winking toad  
Lived undisturbed, and vapors damp and dank  
Arose from rotting weeds and scum-hid pools,  
And where the gliding snakes, white bleached and  
lank,  
Slid in and out, in this their foul abode.

Akimbo, 'mid the ruins, here and there,  
Stood broken marble columns, 'gainst the walls,  
And, tumbled from their niches, statues lay,  
Chipped and defaced, along the weed-grown halls.  
Upon a mound of crumbled stone, I spread  
My mantle out, and, half reclining there,  
Petted the dog, and fed him from my pouch,  
Then, drowsed by the warm and sluggish air,

Fell fast asleep, my dumb friend guarding me.  
In fantasy of dreams I saw and heard  
Some strange and pleasing things of long ago,  
And memory caught and treasured every word  
And sign, of that ecstatic reverie.

The white walls of the villa stood again,  
As high and clean as in the days before  
Decay's first touch had come to start the work  
Of ruin, and to break and topple o'er  
The towers tall, and tear the facades down.  
The breath of summer odors floated through  
The halls and corridors, and fountains sprayed  
Cool waters on the tropic plants that grew  
About their bases, and redoled the air  
With rich perfumes, the scent of gaudy bloom  
Half hid beneath the foliage darkly green,  
And silken curtains from far Asia's loom,  
In graceful drapings screened the portals there.

Yet silence reigned, save the soft sighs of winds  
That rustled the rich hangings of the walls,  
And gently played, in listless, wanton mood,  
Where flowers bloomed within the frescoed halls.  
Deserted of all living things, an air  
Of mystery dim, as in cathedral aisles,  
Pervaded all, and ghostly shadows fell  
Athwart the bolts of light from day's bright smiles  
That shot in long and golden lances through  
The high and latticed transoms of the doors.  
Then day bowed low before the sable plume

Of night that laid her moonbeams on the floors,  
And lent the shimmering light a softer hue.

The statues stood again, upright, of gods,  
Of satyrs and of nymphs, within the place,  
And soon a babel 'rose of ancient tongues ;  
A revel of a Pantheistic race.

Within an alcove, near to me, I heard  
A gross old bacchant tell, with laugh and sigh,  
A sweet young naiad, of a time one night  
When Horace with his Lesbia, drew nigh  
To him, and in his shadow kissed the girl,  
And wound his arm about her waist, and held  
Her head upon his breast, while breathing low  
The music of his poesy that welled  
Like silver fount, and pure as Oman pearl.

"Think thou of that," he said, "and yet, perforce,  
I stood as calm as marble statues must,  
But never will my memory lose the scene  
Till all of us have crumbled into dust.  
The Phrygian king, when standing to his lips  
In waters cool, with fruits above him hung,  
Dying of thirst and hunger, did not feel  
Such agony as then my spirit wrung.  
Oft when Lucullus gave a brilliant feast,  
A guest came near this marble form of mine,  
Goblet in hand, and I, a bacchant too,  
Could catch the fragrant odor of the wine,  
And think'st thou not Tantalus suffered least?"

And other busts and statues held converse,  
Of poets, wits and sages, of the day  
When Rome sat proud upon her seven hills,  
And o'er the world, as mistress, held her sway;  
How at the sumptuous feasts within those halls,  
When rich Lucullus, wealthy from the spoil  
Of eastern victories, about him held—  
Far from the city's din and mad turmoil—  
The beauty and the chivalry of earth.  
They spoke of grand Mæcnas, who was friend  
To young Lucretius, Virgil, and the rest,  
Whose rich and never-dying verse should lend  
Immortal name to Roman deeds and worth.

I woke benumbed and chilled, for coming night  
Had brought its added dampness, and I found  
The dog had slain a score of venom'd snakes,  
And some lay writhing yet about the mound.  
They'd sought to wound me as I slept, but that  
True friend, the trusty dog, had met them there,  
Else, with my classic dream, I'd been undone  
By reptiles that, like other cowards, dare  
Smite but the helpless; and the vision taught  
A lesson—that, perchance, is old—to me:  
Build all you may, 'twill crumble into dust,  
But love, and thought, and song, will ever be,  
Though temples fall and riches come to naught.

## CHICAGO.

## AN EPIC.

The Visigoth and Vandal hordes that rushed  
Across, in trampling force, and savage mood,  
The breadth of ancient Europe's continent,  
Trode lighter than the wild and ruthless brood,  
That in fierce raid bore down from bleaker lands,  
To sweep the mild Algonquin from the fields  
Of fertile Illinois, that grateful teemed  
In rich abundance, and whose lavish yields  
Were noised afar. 'Twas thus the spoiler came  
To lay, in blood, the savage victor's claim.

Beside the mighty inland sea, that laves  
The northern shores and bounds of Illinois,  
As stand, in fields, the fall-time shocks of corn,  
So stood the wigwams of the Iroquois;  
And harbored in the river's sluggish mouth,  
Lay rocking where the water-lilies grew,  
And lightly on the stream, in huddled fleets,  
And myriad, the Indian's bark canoe;  
A war-bent host in sullen camp was there,  
And threatful as the couchant panther's glare.

Where erst the docile Inini had chased,  
Through stream, and wood, and on the meadowed  
plain,  
The panting deer and shaggy buffalo;  
And where, amid the fields of waving grain,  
Fed feathered flocks; where were content, and peace,

And happy homes, the fell invader swept.  
The tranquil villages were razed to earth;  
Thousands were slain, and sore a nation wept.  
Despoiled and driven forth, strong men were  
cowed,  
And down to dust a mighty people bowed.

Among the maidens of the Inini  
Were none more beautiful in face and form  
Than youthful Wat-chee-kee, whose loveliness  
Outvied the western sky, when by the storm  
It had been swept, leaving no trace of cloud  
And when the setting sun had lit that space  
In gold and crimson glory; and the limbs  
Of Wat-chee-kee were lithe and curved in grace;  
Light was her step as hunting cougar's tread;  
Her glowing eyes a star-bright luster shed.

Vanquished, the Inini watched from afar,  
With listless soul, the orgies of his foe,  
And saw him dance in revelry about  
The flames that laid his looted dwelling low.  
Then came fair Wat-chee-kee, of flashing eye,  
Among the daunted warriors to plead,  
Beseeching them to rise and strike while night  
Lent aid, and deep caroused the foe in greed.  
Yet sullen sat the broken Inini,  
Engloomed and overcast as wintry sky.

Then turned the maiden to the women there,  
With blazing words that begged them shame to fight  
The craven, miscalled braves. Up rose the squaws,

A host of armed amazons, bedight  
In plumes and soldierly arrayed, to dash  
Against the enemy. Wat-chee-kee led,  
And seeing this, the men bestirred themselves.  
So marched the motley band, with silent tread,  
And crushed in deep defeat the Iroquois,  
Who wildly fled the lands of Illinois.

Where raged the battle fiercest on that field;  
Amid the foremost, focal blaze of fight;  
In righteous anger for her people's wrongs,  
The maid, with cheeks aglow, and eyes as bright  
And gleaming as incessant lightnings are  
Among the storm clouds of the night, was first;  
And as the nodding helmet of Navarre,  
Her form shone where revenge could slake its thirst,  
Thus, ere was heard the song of morning lark,  
Proud victory kissed this Indian Joan of Arc.

The years, in stately decades, passed along;  
To gentle Peace, grim War had bent him low,  
And in the horizon his sable plume  
Had, northward, disappeared, and now the bow  
Sped arrows only in the chase, or when  
The youths and warriors, to match their craft,  
At targets drove the whirring dart, and vied  
To send afar, and high, the feathered shaft,  
Fast filled the woof within the loom of fate,  
Where now the Indian lover wooed his mate.

From far off lands, across the mighty sea,  
Whose bosom bore the glowing orb of day,

That Great Manito sent to light the earth,  
Came strange and pale-faced men, who sought a way  
To other lands behind the setting sun,  
And far beyond the red man's furthest ken.  
'Twas pearls, and gold, and precious stones, they  
craved;  
And 'mong them came some pure and gallant men,  
As brave Moreau, Perrot, and Joliet,  
Tonti, La Salle, and pious Pere Marquette.

Beside the Calumet, a limpid stream,  
Lay long encamped the vanguard of the host  
That from the old world's teeming multitudes  
Came hitherward, where stands the pride and boast  
Of all the shining cities of the earth,  
That live and flourish since the ancient day  
When Rome sat on her seven clustered hills,  
To hold, as mistress proud, her regal sway;  
And this was "Getchi-ka-go," in the song  
Of Inini, "great, beautiful and strong."

To all the region of the Inini,  
For France, and in her robber monarch's name,  
Amid Te Deums loud, and by the cross  
And churchly rite, the voyageurs laid claim.  
Then came the hordes of monstrous greed and crime  
From Europe's shores, and all their vices spread,  
In vile contagion, 'mong the native tribes;  
Thus stalking Wrong, with hard and cruel tread,  
Crushed low the tender blades of fair intent;  
Then savage whoop with victim's wail was blent.



Meantime the good Marquette and brave La Salle—

The one, religion's zealous devotee,

The other, blazing empire's rugged way—

Fought gallantly the fight, till fate's decree

Sent both, untimely, to a tragic end;

La Salle beside the Mexic gulf laid low,

From ambush, by a vile assassin's hand;

And Marquette, where Manistee's waters flow,

While homeward bound, to seek from pain sur-  
cease,

A soldier in the holy war of peace.

Southward, along Lake Michigan's wild shores,

Deep silence reigns again, save when in fight

The warring natives meet, and weapons ply

That give, but dully forth, the sounds when might

Braves might, to strive upon the battlefield.

High up, the eagle, listless in the air,

Lies poised and motionless, on outstretched wing,

And safely sleeps the wolf beside his lair;

Unharm'd on yonder plain the bison feeds,

And softly flow the waters 'mong the reeds.

But lo! what wondrous sight is that away

Upon the swelling bosom of the lake?

A big canoe, with wide and snow-white wings.

Let all that was so still and dull awake.

The Anglo-Saxon comes, and, faith, he bears

The key to treasure vaults—strong enterprise—

Before him hindrance fails, and where he halts

Resources yield, and throbbing cities rise.

Columbia sends a hardy host, and bold,

To raze, to build, to conquer and to hold.

So here arose the walls of Dearborn fort,  
And close about, the hopeful pioneer  
His cabin built, and earnest laid his plans  
For fortune, health, increase and goodly cheer.  
A village grew apace, and promise shone  
Effulgent where the wilderness had stood;  
Here traffic blazed its never-halting way,  
And fell before the axe the ancient wood;  
The plowshare turned the deep and virgin soil,  
And rich reward marched side by side with toil.

But ever 'gainst enlightenment's advance,  
Stands, stubborn, stern and threatening, a foe;  
The best must always fight its opening way,  
And gain its goal through trial, hate and woe.  
Beside the just and noble ones, who came  
To civilize the western wilds and raise  
The structure of exalted state, were knaves  
Of every mean degree, and shape, and phase,  
Whose vile misdeeds, for paltry pelf and gain,  
Brought ravage, wreck, and havoc's woeful train.

'Twas thus, once more, the savage swarms uprose,  
By famed and cruel young Tecumseh led,  
And through the region of the northern lakes  
A ruthless war its desolation spread.  
By treachery and deep deceit, beguiled,  
To yield the weakened fort, in ambush fell  
The Dearborn garrison, and at the spot  
That's marked today by bronze, with horrid yell  
The red fiends dashed upon the helpless train,  
And crimson ran Chicago's sands again.

With fury unrestrained the savage plied  
The blazing brand, the tomahawk and knife,  
And low in ashes fell the fane of Hope,  
Where somber hung the angry clouds of strife.  
But kind and gentle Peace returned, and now,  
From far across the seas, for Britain's arm  
Had erst been raised in harsh and allied might,  
With savages, to work the woeful harm.  
Again, and stronger, rose Fort Dearborn's walls,  
And progress lifted high its stately halls.

But years there were of struggle, toil and wait;  
Then, in its fullness, comes the mighty tide  
That sweeps away the wreckage of the past;  
Upon its breast the ships of triumph ride;  
On winged heel the god of commerce flies  
To where another western star has dawned  
Amid the union's galaxy, and here,  
As from a wave of his caducean wand,  
A gem within a gem, Chicago, gleams,  
As sparks that glint where brightest sunshine  
streams.

Majestic as the mountains are, that stand  
In Titan ranks, snow-helmeted, and fold  
A cloak of cloud about their rugged forms;  
Strong as a bannered army is, and bold  
As honor dares to be, Chicago grew;  
Her name was heralded abroad as one  
Whose word is truth, and stronger than a bond;  
And 'mong the greatest cities 'neath the sun

She held exalted place. Hers was the way  
Of empire, and she strode with regal sway.

Where Nature's God had most sublimely wrought;  
In all the west a glory and a boast;  
A regnant queen and radiant she stood,  
Her legions loyal and a hardy host.  
Her realm was Liberty's abiding place;  
Upbuilt her altars were to God alone;  
To freedom were her faithful people vowed;  
Her rule was law, and right her only throne.  
Bright on her brow the star of Fortune beamed;  
Full high advanced, her graceful banner stream'd.

'Twas thus that when the angry cloud of war  
Stood lurid in the sky, but ere it swept  
In raging storm across the troubled land,  
And from its breast red battle's lightning leapt,  
In fair Chicago's halls the council met  
That chose, to be the nation's head and guide,  
A gaunt and humble man, who, godlike, rose  
To highest deeds, and, martyred, meekly died.  
His harshest foe begrudges not his fame,  
And written high is Lincoln's deathless name.

In blind and howling fury—as the sea,  
That, tempest-driven, beats its dragon wing  
Against the time-hewn cliffs and glaciated walls  
Of some bleak northern coast, and, bellowing,  
Roars its angers to the skies—so beat  
The storm of civil war, in lashing rage,  
Against the young republic's battlements,

And shook the fabric, as when Titans wage  
Terrific strife, and in their wrestlings jolt  
The rock-ribbed hills as by a thunderbolt.

Then to the fore, in eager, bristling lines,  
Chicago's steel-crowned columns swung along;  
A great and grim array of fighting men,  
And singing freedom's ringing battle song.  
Before the red-breathed cannon's brazen mouth,  
That belched torn death in hot and hurtling shot;  
Before the leaden hail of musketry,  
Onward they bravely bent, and faltered not,  
But faced war's smiting gusts and proudly sang  
A hymn of glory when the peace bells rang.

But they, and all their armed comrades, met  
A gallant foe, full worthy of their steel.  
It was as in the valiant times of old,  
When Greek joined Greek; for true were they, and  
leal—  
Those southern souls—to what they deemed the right,  
And nobly fought for cause, for home and hearth;  
'Twas Anglo-Saxon lustihood that clashed,  
'Mong men of equal nerve, and brawn, and birth.  
Long and relentless waged the awful strife,  
And rippling flowed the ruddy tide of life.

Back to the peaceful callings they had left—  
When war was done—came, heartfully, the men  
That death had missed. Back to the forge and bench,  
The busy mart, the easel and the pen.  
The great and robust city grew apace,

Beneath the smiles and promisings of peace;  
Her people thrived, and hopeful were, as those  
That Jason led to seek "The Golden Fleece."  
The world, admiring, watched her high emprise,  
And, wond'ring, saw her noble structures rise.

Of rich success almost a decade passed,  
When fell disaster, red and roaring, came,  
And prone, Chicago, torn and ravaged, lay,  
Where stalked the monstrous monarch of the Flame.  
Along the fire despot's cindering march,  
And where beneath his white-hot, iron heel,  
Huge walls of steel and stone are crushed, hisimps  
And myrmidions before him dance and reel,  
And hiss and scream in devilish, ribald play;  
With blazing besoms sweeping homes away.

In league with havoc, rush the wanton winds,  
That drive about destruction's burning rain,  
And shriek in hoarse discordance with the flames  
That screech like fiends infernal and insane,  
Till miles and miles of torrid fury boil;  
A sea of hell upon the sodden earth;  
A molten belt across the city lay,  
And glowing as Gehenna's candent hearth.  
Along the shores of this plutonic sea  
Howl packs of human wolves, in beastly glee.

In crumbling ruin lay Chicago's halls,  
Her temples and her monuments of art,  
The homes of rich and poor, of pure and vile,  
The palace and the hut, the merchant's mart;

Her churches, and the gilded dens of vice ;  
Her towers toppled and her facades razed ;  
A noble city crushed and overthrown ;  
Her people stunned and all the world amazed.  
In black and ashen wreck the work of years  
Had gone, and hope was almost drowned in tears.

In high resolve and self-reliant mien,  
From out the smoking ruin, stanch and strong,  
Chicago's dauntless spirit rose again,  
And ere the embers cooled, her eager throng  
Of enterprising men were laying, deep,  
The firm foundations of her future state.  
Meanwhile, her sister cities helpful came,  
With gracious deeds the gods might emulate.  
Then mantled on her face a grateful glow,  
And bright as sunshine on the leveled snow.

Great and majestic, grander than before ;  
In rare proportions lifted, chaste and strong,  
Chicago's palaces of trade and art,  
Exalted rose, a glory and a song,  
Her avenues and parks, her towered halls,  
Her cottages and courts, her princely homes,  
Her mills, her statues and her monuments,  
Her arched arcades and welkin-reaching domes—  
All these, and more, are pledges of her worth,  
As queen among the cities of the earth.

Through every land and clime beneath the sun ;  
From torrid belt to where the frozen zones  
Engirt the earth, in fair Columbia's name,

Chicago called, to subjects and to thrones,  
And craved that for a season they should come,  
To honor him who braved the unknown sea,  
And found a land where men have learned to know  
Their human rights, and knowing them are free;  
To celebrate the time when fate unfurled  
Advancement's banner in the western world.

Thus nations came and brought their handiwork;  
Their wondrous arts, their learning and their  
thought;  
Their ways, their manners and their mysteries,  
And with these sovereign states, they freely wrought  
To build the great White City, marvelous  
And grand, that as a vision came and went,  
Its dazzling beauty flashed in lucent light  
Upon the soul, and then with echo blent.  
'Twas there! 'Tis gone! It did not only seem,  
Yet now 'tis but a memory and a dream.

Man stood surprised, bewildered and amazed,  
Amid the work that he himself had done;  
Spellbound and marveling, in awe he gazed—  
Delighted yet—upon the victory won.  
The world was here, in every shade and phase;  
Its substance and its symmetry; and sight  
Had never met a fairer scene than that.  
'Twas beauty's arm thrust from a robe of light.  
Strong Science found sweet Poesy and wooed,  
And she his way with fragrant bloom bestrewed.



Captive was nature made; for on the sands  
 Sweet flowers bloomed, amid the verdant grass;  
 A forest on the plain arose, and deep  
 Ran limpid waters where the dark morass  
 Had reeked its vapors, foul, for centuries;  
 Great shining palaces sprang up, and gleamed  
 In white and dazzling splendor, and the spray  
 Of fountains, iridescent, flashed and beamed,  
 Where erst the slimy snake and winking toad,  
 By scum-hid pools, had held their foul abode.

All ranks and races met; the prince and clown  
 In easy fellowship; and here began,  
 Amid the harmonies of art and skill,  
 A new and better brotherhood of man.  
 Religions, that have ever been at war—  
 Of grim intolerance the type and seal—  
 Conferred in cordial terms. All rivalry  
 Was kind, and seemed to wish the common weal.  
 Music and jangle, sounding side by side,  
 By chisel, brush and pen were glorified.

Chicago's nerve, her forcefulness and might,  
 Her high ambition and her queenly grace,  
 Were elements that guided all; and thus  
 She won clear title to the stately place  
 That trial, triumph, weal and woe have wrought  
 To test her worthiness. So she will stand,  
 Through ages, strong and brave, true to the right,  
 Hopeful and free, magnificent and grand.  
 Oh! Great Jehovah! Guide her steps aright,  
 And bless her way with wisdom's truest light.

## "A BABY BOY"

*To Watterson Rounds Rothacker on his second birthday.*

Did ever beauty, soul and grace,  
Shine brighter in a little face,  
    Than this?  
I've seen the mother of the boy,  
With that deep love which cannot cloy—  
    And bliss—  
Clasp to her breast the God-sent joy,  
    And crown it with a kiss.

'The truth and honor of his race,  
Are mirrored in that baby face,  
    I know;  
For I have seen his father when  
The winds that try the souls of men  
    Did blow;  
And he was first and foremost then,  
    And ever will be so.

I've seen him in the battle's brunt,  
A leader at the blazing front,  
    Where fell  
Strong hearts of oak. And he will lead  
This boy by honor's stainless creed,  
    As well,  
To noble manhood's highest meed,  
For blood that's good will tell.

ON THE ROAD TO ROSY BAY.

Beside the hill and through the woods,  
 With many a graceful bend;  
 Among the golden fields of wheat,  
 With undulating trend,  
 So runs the road that's bordered  
 With roses, pink and gay,  
 And with me rides a lassie,  
 On the road to Rosy Bay.

We toil the hills, up-going,  
 And we coast them, coming down;  
 We skirt the creek that tumbles  
 On its rocky way to town;  
 Sometimes we wish the village  
 Were farther yet away,  
 As we wheel—myself and lassie—  
 On the road to Rosy Bay.

A squirrel sits upon a log  
 And lifts his cunning paws.  
 'The rascal wonders—so it seems—  
 At what might be the cause  
 For passing him without a word;  
 He doesn't know—the jay!—  
 I'm courting that sweet lassie  
 On the road to Rosy Bay.

The years will come, the years will go,  
 And many another road  
 We'll wheel along—with joy, I hope—

And if there is a load  
Of anything but happiness,  
I'll carry it away,  
And bless her for her answer,  
On the road to Rosy Bay.

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### COME TO MY LOVE.

Oh! yes, I love you, dear,  
Sweetheart of mine.  
Since you have left me here,  
Stars do not shine.  
Always I want you near,  
Hope's brightest ray;  
When you are gone from me,  
Dark is the day  
Thus will it be,  
While you're away,  
Away, away;  
Come then, my dear love, to me.

### REFRAIN:

Come back to me; comè back to me;  
Eyes that are sea-blue,  
Come back to me.  
Come to my love; love that is true;  
All of this soul of mine,  
Give I to you.

All of the days are, dear,

Sombre and long;  
 Dull is the sky, and drear;  
 Home has no song.  
 Now you are gone from me,  
 All that was gay,  
 Lies 'neath the willow tree,  
 Joy is astray  
 Here without thee.  
 Dark is the way,  
 The way, the way,  
 Come then, my dear love, to me.

## NEGRO DIALECT VERSE

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### WHEN THE JULEP'S RIPE.

Ole marster's feelin' mighty fine,  
En I kin tell what's on his mine',  
In cose de race time has to do  
Some little wid his feelin's too,  
But dat what's mos'ly pleasin' him,  
An' puttin' him in sich good trim,  
Is sompen of another stripe—  
Hit's dem mint juleps gittin' ripe.

Fo' long you'll hear him callin' me,  
An' sayin': "Go, you scamp, an' see  
Ef you ca' fine some mint dat's fit  
To make a julep; en ef hit  
Is high ernuff fur dat, w'y take  
Dem talles' sprigs en go en make  
Dat soothin' draff, en bring it here,  
En you'll have easy times dis year."

Den I gwine take er lump er two  
Er nice cut shugar—hear me th'oo—  
En 'solve it in some water—um !—  
Den take erbout er gill er rum,  
En 'bout three fingers whisky straight,

En mix 'em all—now ca' you wait?  
Den jis fo' sprigs er mint in dar,  
En han' him dat mint julep, sah.

Hit do me good to see him drink,  
En smack he lips, an' set an' think  
How long dat mint is gwineter las' !  
But hit'll go, mos' monst'ous fas'.  
An' all dat time I gwine to be  
Right close to him, whar I kin see  
Him smoke dat big ole cawncob pipe,  
En 'joy dem juleps when dey's ripe.

---

#### IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

De leaves is sorter turnin'  
On de sycamo' trees;  
Dar's a quar kind er feelin'  
In de cool mawnin' breeze;  
De worl' is lookin' dreamy,  
An' somehow it 'pear  
Dat de sunbeams is sifted,  
In de fall of de year.

Hit seem as ef dey's shinin'  
In a shimmer sort er way,  
Dat could sing er song er sorrow,  
To'des de eendin' o' de day,  
Wid music lak de dove make,  
When settin' dar in fear

She gwine to lose her true-love,  
In de fall of de year.

You mighty glad you livin',  
An' you takes er heap er res';  
De worl' is kind an' gentle,  
An' you looks to'des de wes',  
Whar de golden sun's er sinkin',  
An' you doan sorter keer;  
You waits for whut is comin',  
In de fall of de year.

You knows, a little later,  
Mistuh Fros' he gwine to come  
An' candy dem persimmons,  
Whut you gwine to gather some,  
While de possum is er fat'nin',  
An' you meks de 'simmon beer,  
For to drink wid dat ole possum,  
In de fall of de year.

When de woods is look de fines'  
In gold, an' green, an' red,  
An' de apples is er tumblin'  
F'um de limbs overhead,  
Dey's a tender sort er feelin',  
Lak er crowdin' back a tear,  
An' dar's somebody missin'  
In de fall of de year.

You does a heap er thinkin',  
Of de times dat done is pas',



De spring an' de summer-time,  
Dat went so mighty fas';  
De mawnin' of yo' chilehood,  
When happiness was here,  
An' you never thought to bother  
'Bout de fall of de year.

Hit's gittin' to'des de evenin',  
When you teks to lookin' back,  
An' de load is gittin' heavy  
Whut you useter love to pack;  
When de sun is shinin' slantin',  
An' sorrow seem a'near,  
Lak de song of dove a'mournin',  
In de fall of de year.

---

## ROSIE'S SUNDAY CLOTHES.

Um er talkin' mighty proper,  
Whut um talkin' to you now;  
You gwine to 'gree wid all I say,  
Er win' up in a row,  
Kase um tellin' to you, sassy,  
Dat dey ain' no gal lak Rose,  
When she blossom Sunday mawnin'  
In her go-to-meetin' clo'se.

Rose, Rose, my sweet Rose!  
Ain' she a stunner  
In her go-to-meetin' clo'se?  
'Deed she is a posie,

As evah niggah knows,  
My pansie, posie, Rosie,  
In her go-to-meetin' clo'se.

I goes wid her to meetin'  
Evah Sunday mawnin', sho',  
Fur dey ain' no other niggah  
Nomernated fur her beau;  
Dey knows of my dejections,  
An' dey stan's erlong in rows,  
Mighty 'spectful to dat lady,  
In her go-to-meetin' clo'se.

I would kyarve a coon in slices,  
An' jes' feed him to de crows,  
Ef I evah cotch him winkin'  
At mer brown manila Rose,  
An' dey ain' no niggah livin',  
In de house, er ouden do's,  
'Ceptin' dis, dat's gwine to swing her,  
In her go-to-meetin' clo'se.

---

### IF I COULD LIVE AS LONG AS METHUSALUM.

If I could live just as long as old Methusalum,  
Him dat used to live out towards old Jerusalem,  
Mebbe I wouldn' sorter wheedle an' bamboozlum,  
Oh, no, sinner man.

I wouldn' be bothered 'bout when will de kingdom  
come;

Dey couldn' skeer me wid de roll of de battle drum;  
'Deed I wouldn' keer a cent for de whole blame  
capoodlelum,

Oh, no, sinner man.

If I could live just as long as old Methusalam,  
I'd sing you a song about old Mister Abraham,  
An' I wouldn' be a day widout de possum an' de yal-  
ler yam,

Oh, no, sinner man.

I'd take a little journey away out to Amsterdam,  
Roll aroun' de worl', an' live on de berry jam;  
An' I wouldn' do a thing but mash ev'ry cullud lam',

Oh, no, sinner man.

If I could live just as long as old Methusaloo,  
What do you think I would sorter try to do?  
Do cverybody, an' hoodoo de Spanish, too,

Oh, no, sinner man.

I wouldn't go a'soldierin' an' fightin' like a zoo-zoo;  
An' I wouldn' be a black cat, an' lookin' like a hoo-hoo,  
But I'd be so mighty good an' old, dey couldn' call me  
too new,

Oh, no, sinner man.

## THERE'S NO LITTLE COON LIKE MINE.

Run here, mer pickaninny,  
Doan yo' heah yo' mammy callin'?  
De sun am er sinkin'  
An' de shadders is er crawlin'  
Way f'um de thicket, an' old man B'ar  
Is er hidin' an' er waitin'  
For to cotch yo' dar.  
Yo' daddy's gone er huntin',  
En he tuck dat sack,  
So I speck he bring some chikin'  
When he come er trottin' back.

There's no little coon like mine;  
Jes' see how he face do shine;  
Come rockaby, mer tiny,  
Yo' mammy's pickaninny;  
There's no little coon like mine.

Rockaby, mer baby,  
Ain' yo' nevah gwine a'sleepin'?  
De win' am er howlin',  
An' de ghos'es is er creepin'  
Down th'oo de flue, an' de blue-gum man  
Is er waitin' fur to bite um,  
Ez sho ez he can.  
Yo' daddy is a'comin',  
An' de way he walk  
He's er totin' watah-millions  
An' de shugar-caney stalk.

Mammy is er rockin'  
Of her baby, en' er singin',  
De ole owl's er hootin',  
An' de yuther birds is wingin'  
'Way to dar nestes, up de high tree,  
An' de cawn-pone's in de oven,  
Fur daddy an' me.  
Yo' daddy's mighty handy  
'Roun' er chicken roos',  
An' he got a tas'e fur pullet,  
An' he doan despise a goose.

---

## CAWN-PONE AN' GREENS.

Dey talks about dar eatin',  
Dar salids, j'int's, an' sich,  
An' all de fixin's dat becomes  
De tables of de rich ;  
I 'low de high-tone doin's,  
Dat comes widin dar means,  
Is monst'ous good, but gimme, please  
Some hot cawn-pone an' greens.

Cawn-pone an' turnup greens !  
Hear me, whut I say ?  
Bile de greens wid hawg-jole,  
An' dar I wanter stay,  
Jis' wid my Lawd an' Marster,  
Contented an' alone,  
'Longside dat meat an' turnup-greens,  
An' shortened hot cawn-pone.

Mos' coons is gone on possum ;  
 I likes him mighty well,  
 An' I likes a watah-million,  
 Heap mo' dan I kin tell ;  
 But I 'clar to Gracious Goodness,  
 Mer feelin's mostly leans  
 'To'des whut yo' hear me hollerin',  
 Dat's hot cawn-pone an' greens.

---

YOU KIN NEVAH MAKE A WHITE MAN  
 FROM A COON.

I've seed 'em try to do it, sence the day dat I was born,  
 An' ef dey keeps er tryin' tell Ole Gabr'el blow his  
 horn,  
 Dey's nevah gwine to reach it, tell a cannon hits de  
 moon,  
 An' dat is tryin' fur to make a white man from a coon.

You kin never make a white man from a coon,  
 No mo' dan go to heaven in a b'loon.  
 You hear me what I say,  
 En I'll prove it any day,  
 You kin nevah make a white man from a coon.

De coon he love spring chicken, an' he'll get de fus'  
 one, sho ;  
 De early watah-million gwine to reach him long befo'  
 De white folks know hit's comin', and he nevah minds  
 de price,  
 He gwine to git dat eatin' sho' as seven's in de dice.

De white man he's contented for to w'ar some quiet  
clothes;

De coon he wants his garments, from his head clean  
to his toes,

'To talk out loud in meetin', and jis' holler when he  
come

'To beat de ban' er music, wid de bugles and de drum.

De white man hunt de shadow when de sun is brilein'  
hot,

De coon he love de sunshine, and he'd rutlier sleep  
dan not

Wid his darkey face er shinin' fum de glory of de sky,  
Whilse de skeeters sings eroun' him, hush-a-by, mer  
baby, bye.

---

### HIS BRACER IN THE MORNING.

Dey's a monst'ous sight er trouble

On de ole man's mine',

Wid 'leben colts to curry,

An' work of ev'ry kine',

En I has to whoop an' hustle,

Long fo' de light er day,

Kase it make de ole man bustle—

You hear me whut I say—

Fur to worry th'oo de bizniss,

Afo' de day is dawnin'

An' mix an' fix de cocktail

Fo' marster in de mawnin'.

Dar's nuffin' gwine to budge him  
F'um de ole arm char,  
Tell de cocktail am er comin',  
Kase he jis' dat mighty quar  
Dat he sho'ly ain' er fittin'  
Fur nuffin' all de day,  
Tell de cocktail I is gittin'  
Is gone de proper way.  
Den he laugh away all trouble,  
De bother he is scawnin',  
When he lay dat big foundation  
Wid his cocktail in de mawnin'.

You kin talk about de julips,  
An' de whisky toddy, too,  
An' de apple-jack an' honey,  
An' de good ole mountin' dew,  
But dar's nuffin' gwine ter fix him  
For de juties of de day,  
An' nuffin' gwine to comfort him,  
An' drive de blues away,  
Lak dat whut I is talk erbout—  
You hear my gentle warnin',  
Dey's nuffin' dat so lif' him up  
As a cocktail in de mawnin'.

He jes as good an' kine' er man  
As any evah seed,  
En he gwinter holp de neighbor po'  
Whenevah dey's in need,  
But here's a niggah talkin' straight:  
I wouldn't stay erbout



Ef de 'gredients of dem cocktails  
At marster's should give out;  
I'd ring er bell, er blow er hawn,  
To give de people warnin'  
Ef marster evah miss one time,  
Dat cocktail in de mawnin'.

---

### I'M A KING AN' I W'ARS DE CROWN.

I'm a high-tone coon an' a king,  
Jis de warmest kind of a thing.  
I'm a velvet man, an' de black-an'-tan  
Dey prances along when I sing.  
Yes, I'm known as de cullud boss,  
Mighty dangerous when I'm cross;  
I leads de style for mo' dan a mile;  
I'm killin' as a late June fros'.

### CHORUS.

Evah yaller gal in town,  
Dat sees me coming down,  
She say: "Dat's him. Don't he look trim?"  
I'm a king an' I w'ars de crown.

I'm de swiftest thing on de pike,  
Kase I rides de swellest bike,  
De tandem kind, wid a gal on behind,  
An' we leads evah thing we strike.  
I'm de sassiest sort of a coon—  
De worst dis side of de moon.

I shimmers along, a'singin' a song,  
To de music of dis here tune.

I'm de only one of de kind  
Dat de black folks evah could find;  
I'm red-hot game, an' I'm known to fame,  
Kase I nevah was left behind.  
Dey wants me on de gin'ral's staff,  
An' dey howls for my photograph;  
When I blows in view, on de avenue,  
I'm ahead three mile and a half.

I'm de ducedest coon of 'em all,  
An' de beau-i-deal of de ball;  
I'm de ladies' pet, of de cullud set,  
An' de model for spring and fall.  
I'm de head of de high degree,  
An' de fruit on de 'simmon tree;  
I goes wid a vim, kase I'm in de swim,  
An' about de whole thing is me.

---

#### ALL DAY ON LAWD'S DAY.

Oh dey do tell me dat away ovah dar,  
All day on de Lawd's day,  
De gates of Heaven is wide ajar  
All day on de Lawd's day.  
An' when de sinnah leave dis place,  
All day on de Lawd's day,  
His soul goes up to de throne of grace  
Dat day on de Lawd's day.

## CHORUS:

Den I want to die on de Lawd's day,  
Don't you hear me 'clar?  
I want to die on de Lawd's day  
When de gates of Heaven is ajar.

Ole miss she rid de Jordan wave,  
All day on de Lawd's day,  
De doctors tried her life to save,  
All day on de Lawd's day.  
She rid ontill de sun went down,  
All day on de Lawd's day,  
Den her soul broke loost and won de crown,  
Dat day on de Lawd's day.

Ole marster 'rastled too, one day,  
All day on de Lawd's day,  
Trying on dis earth to stay,  
All day on de Lawd's day.  
He 'rastled till dem stars arose,  
All day on de Lawd's day.  
An' when he got dar dem gates was close',  
Dat day on de Lawd's day.

---

## HOW ÉPHUM WON A GUN.

Dat muskit kicked me th'oo de fence,  
En' I ain't got my bref good sense.  
Say, daddy, woan' you tell yo' son  
Whar in de worl' you got dat gun?

I got it in de waugh, you dunce,  
Ez I is tole you mo' dan once.  
How many times mus' dat be said  
To git hit th'oo yo' kinky head?

Laws, daddy! 'clar I didn' know  
Dat you wuz in de waugh befo',  
I wisht you'd tell me all about  
How you got in an' den got out.

I wuzn't in de waugh befo';  
I went wid my young marster, Joe.  
En when Marse Joe wuz in de line  
In co'se I allers rid behin'.

But when de battle it begun,  
I stayed dar wid him—hear me, mun?  
I stayed dar totein' all de truck,  
An' Marster say I bring him luck.

Den one day, when de line wuz pressed,  
I hid er skillit on my breast,  
En run some stovepipe up my legs  
To keep de bullets from dem pegs.

Den me an' young Marse Joe, we fit,  
En we would ben'er fightin' yit.  
But jis' ez we had tuck er gun  
Marse Lee, he say, de waugh wuz done.

So Gin'l Grant he tuck us all,  
En pooty soon I heerd him call:

"You, Ephum Jones, come heah to me!  
I sees you hidin' hin' dat tree."

So I goes up, a'trimlin' so,  
Dat skillit fall an' mash my toe;  
An' Gin'l Grant he say to me,  
"You's fight'nis coon I evah did see."

En den he say—right fo' Marse Joe—  
"You'll git a penshin for dat toe."  
Still I ain' nevah seed it yit,  
But dat's kase of de side I fit.

But Marse Grant gimme dis yer gun,  
En say dat it I'd fa'rly won;  
"You keep it, Ephum, fo' yo'se'f."  
I thanked him, en he bowed en lef'.

Dat's how I got dat good ole gun,  
En lemme tell you whut, mer son,  
Ef you'd jis load her wid mo' sense  
She wouldn' kick you thoo de fence.

---

### SANDY'S SUNDAY SHIRT.

I'se got a Sunday shirt,  
An' it look so mighty peart,  
My Julie gal she hang it on de do'  
All thoo de week-a-days,  
An' she do dat, so she says,  
For to 'form de folks as how we isn' po'.

Oh! de Sunday shirt is hanging on de do';  
For to let de passin' people fully know,  
Dat de pussons livin' dar  
Is er doin' pooty fa'r,  
An' dey lacks a mighty heap of bein' po'.

De place whar I hol's out—  
You heah dis niggah shout—  
You kin always tell, for sartin an' for sho',  
Ef Julie gal's in town,  
Or anywhar aroun'  
By dat Sunday shirt a'hangin' on de do'.

---

“DEM SKEETERS.”

See dat ole skeeter buzzin' 'round'?  
He co'tein' sartin death.  
I'm layin' fur him, mighty low,  
An' soon I'll stop his breath.  
He dunno who he foolin' wid,  
But when I smash 'im down,  
Dat skeeter gwine to quit his trick  
Er buzzin', buzzin' 'roun.'

Ker-bip! He dodged me dat ar time,  
But he doan know no mo'  
Dan jis' to come er trapesin' back,  
An' den I'll git him sho'.  
“Sizz-izz”—you hear his sassy song?  
He done lit on my face;

Ker-bip! He'll nevah sing no mo';  
He done is run he race.

Dem skeeters 'minds me, mighty heap,  
Er dese yar mortal fools  
Dat thinks dey's gwine to do erway  
Wid all de laws en rules,  
An' run things jis' to suit deyselves,  
En live high, every day;  
Git all dey wants, an' do no work,  
An' hoot at givin' pay.

Dey gwine to keep a pestrin' 'roun'  
Tell ev'ry chance has flew,  
An' Ole Starvation done is come  
An' smashed de hawngry crew.  
De man what works whar he belong,  
An' win his 'onis' way,  
Will l'arn how dat beats sizzin' 'roun'—  
You hear me say my say.

---

### TELL ME, HONEY.

W'en old Unc' Gab'el done blow his bugle hawn,  
Tell me, tell me, honey,  
Will you meet me by de ribber, jes sho' as you is bawn?  
Tell me, tell me, honey.  
Kase I won't cyar, ef you ain' dar,  
Fur de blas' on de bugle er de buzzin' in de air,  
No, mer honey true; no, mer honey.  
Dat mek me say whut I do.

Dat mek me say whut I do,  
An' whut I say is true,  
I ain' love nobody 'tall but you  
So dat mek me say whut I do.

Dar ain' nobody I'se er lovin' but you,  
Dat's true, dat's true, honey.  
Fur you is sweeter dan de honey in de dew,  
Dat's true, dat's true, honey.  
You is mer life—a'mos' mer wife,  
Er I couldn' stan' de trouble, de worry an' de strife—  
No, mer honey true; no, mer honey.  
Dat mek me say whut I do.

Won't you come erlong wid me, bright shinin' eyes?  
Tell me, tell me, honey.  
Dem eyes dat shines lak di'monds in de skies,  
Tell me, tell me, honey.  
Down at yo' feet I begs, mer sweet,  
Take away de trouble en' mek life complete;  
Do, mer honey true; do, mer honey.  
Dat mek me say whut I do.

---

#### FO' DEY SET DE DARKIES FREE.

Dar's er monst'ous sight er difference,  
Jas' as sho' as you is bawn,  
On de ole plantation farmin'  
'Mong de 'backer and de cawn.  
De days ain't lak dey useter wuz,



Hit's plain ernuff to see,  
An' de change is mighty bindin'  
Sence dey set de darkies free.

Dar's er fiel' dat's growed in saplin's,  
Whar jis' many of a day  
We'se hilt de plow and worked de hoe,  
Lak hit wuz fines' play.  
De sassafrac has tuck it, en  
Dar's on'y you an' me  
To fight dem briar bushes,  
Sence dey set de darkies free.

We has got er heap er freedom,  
But de shugar's mighty skase,  
An' de birds doan seem er singin',  
'Roun' de blessed ole home place  
As sweet as in de days back dar,  
Of plenty, work an' glee,  
Dat we kin re-commember  
Fo' dey set de darkies free.

---

#### HARD TIMES GWINE AWAY.

I gwine to wrop dese fish lines up  
An' leave dis fishin' hole.  
I gwine to throw dis bait-hawn 'way  
An' hide dis fishin' pole.  
Dar ain' no time fur fishin' now,  
Dat whistle done is blow,

An' I gwine down to dat ole mill  
Ez fas' ez I kin go.

"What fur?" you axes, jes' ez if  
You doan' know nuffin' 't all  
'Bout how ole Hard Times gwine erway  
Whar he can't hurt we'all;  
An' how de mill is start ergin,  
An Good Times he am come,  
To give us people lots er work  
An' make dem mill wheels hum.

"How come?" Well, you is monst'ous slow,  
Whar is you ben erway  
Dat you ain' hear de joyful news  
Dat come out here today?  
De white folks, dey done fix things up  
An' all de signs is right,  
So bizness gwine to start ergin  
An' whoop up, out er sight.

Dem 'lection times is ovah now,  
An' all de fuss is done;  
Dey's done quit talkin' pol-er-tics  
An' gwine ter work, mer son.  
Dey tell me dat, t'roo-out der lan'  
De mills is start once mo',  
An' dat ole wolf is druv erway,  
From sniffin' 'roun' de do'.

You'll heah de 'scape pipe puffin' now,  
An' heah de stiddy noise

Dat soun's when dat ole mill's at work,  
An' heah de singin' boys, -  
All happy kase dey's got er chance  
To arn de things dey need  
To keep deir wives an' chillun warm  
An' give 'em fittin' feed.

Dat's why I gwine to wrop dis line,  
An' leave dis fishin' hole,  
An' throw erway dis ole bait-hawn  
An' hide de fishin' pole.  
De whole worl' is lookin' brighter now,  
An' you is gwine ter see  
Some prosp'rous times, if you come on  
An' go ter work wid me.

---

### ZOE'S PLEA.

'Deed Zo' was black, en me in love  
Wid dat dark, woolly lamb;  
En now we's married good en strong  
En happy ez er clam.  
But bress yo' life, we had to go  
Clean outen owah station,  
All kase dat Zo', she up en say,  
Widout no hezmitation:  
"Ise live' ermung dese pasturs, mun,  
Sence I had re-collection,  
But I mus' move—dis blue grass doan'  
Match up wid my complexion."

## THE DINNER HORN.

I 'members, honey, mighty well,  
De good ole times dat's gone,  
When us darkeys useter stop de hoe  
To hear de dinnah hawn.  
Oh, dat was sweetes' music  
'Bout de middle of de day—  
Dat soundin' of de ole cow hawn  
To call us all away,  
To call us all away  
To hot pone en hock-bone,  
Dat mek de darkey gay.

I'd lak to see dem times ergin,  
En hear de darkeys sing  
Whilse dey spun along de cotton row  
En make de hillsides ring.  
Down dar in good ole Dixie,  
Whar de dinnah hawn did blow,  
Down in de lan' er cotton bolls  
To call us f'um de hoe,  
To call us f'um de hoe,  
To hot pone en hock-bone,  
Dar's whar I wanter go.

De drivah, he was sassy sho',  
But dat was jes' his way,  
We was clothed an' fed an' sheltered,  
An' no cold an' hawngry day  
Could ketch us, in de sunny Souf,  
An' sho' as you is bawn

Dar was plenty waitin' fur us when  
Ole Dinah blowed de hawn,  
Ole Dinah blowed de hawn,  
Fur hot pone, en hock-bone,  
En mustard, greens, en cawn.

Dem lan's is monst'ous idle, now,  
We'se tickled wid de hoe,  
'Twell laughin' things was comin' so  
Dat you could see um grow.  
Aun' Dinah's up in Heben's res'  
An' all de darkeys gone  
To whar dey'll nevah hear no mo'  
Dat good ole dinnah hawn,  
Dat good ole dinnah hawn,  
Fur hot pone, en hock-bone,  
Dem times is come en gone.

---

### MY ALABAMA ROSE.

My honey love she's lovely,  
Lak roses on de vine;  
Lawd love dat lovely lady  
What's a' dwellin' in my min'.  
Some roses dey is sweetes'  
When wet wid mawnin' dew,  
My yaller rose is sweetes'  
De livelong day all thoo.

Den laugh an' shout an' sing, you niggahs, sing,  
An' dance an' prance an' mek de banjo ring;

Chune up dat fiddle mighty fine,  
Den walk de chalk an' toe de line.

I gwine to sail an' sail away  
    'Thoo all de rollin' worl',  
Jes' seekin' out fur diemonts  
    To deck my yaller pearl.  
When I come back, my honey,  
    In dat sweet bye an' bye,  
Lak bees into de country,  
    We'll tek up wings an' fly.

We'll git er cabin, Rosy,  
    Down by de rivah's side,  
An' you will be my honey  
    An' my Alabama bride;  
An' dar we'll live as happy  
    As 'gators in de sloo,  
An' lovin' one ernother's jes'  
    'Bout all we'll hatter do.

---

#### RAMBO'S SERENADE.

Mighty pooty gal down dar at owah house,  
    En she ain't er gwine to stay ve'y long;  
I'll steal to her do', jes' still ez er mouse,  
    En sing her a mighty pooty song.  
I'll tell her in de song how I love her,  
    En chune up de banjo sof' en low,  
'Twell she think all de twinklin' stars above her  
    Is jine in de chorus wid her beau.

Oh, my honey love!  
Oh, my turtle dove!  
Doan' you hear me plead?  
Come, my lady love;  
Come, my yaller dove;  
You is what I need.

De whippoorwill flutes down dar by de crick,  
De mock-bird's singin' his mate to sleep,  
En dar whar de woods is so black en thick  
De sof' win' blows wid er sigh en er weep.  
Hit's a weepin' fur me, my honey so true,  
Kase I'se so sorry, en sick, en sad;  
Yes, I is a'longin', mer lady, for you;  
'Deed I is a' wantin' you so mighty bad.

Ole day'll come er creepin' in now pooty soon—  
Come er creepin' f'um de hills over yan—  
He gwine drive away dat bright, shiny moon  
En spread out his glory in de lan'.  
Den I goes back to work, en I toils all de day,  
Jes' er sighin' en er longin' fur you,  
So come out, mer lady, en min' what I say,  
Please er come out, mer lady, oh, do!

Dat pooty yaller gal gwine to come outen dar,  
En go 'long wid me to de ball  
Whar she gwine to be de bell an' de star,  
An' de swelles' thing of 'em all;  
Den we gwine to dance 'twell de comin' of de day  
An' shy 'twell de shadder of de night,  
Den me an' de gal, we'se er gwine to scoot erway,  
By de light of de moonshine bright.

Dat pooty yaller gal kin cut de pigeon-wing,  
 En beat sich er chune on de flo',  
 Dat de alligator pat, an' try fur to sing'  
 'Twell he face open wide, lak er do'.  
 En de ole gray mule, standin' down at de gate,  
 He lif' up his ears mighty high,  
 En he lissen, en he 'low he mighty glad to wait,  
 'Twell de music is done roll by.

---

### LOO, JOHN.

I looked acrost de ocean,  
 An' I seed de waters flashin';  
 Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.  
 Ole mist' and marst' er comin',  
 Jis' er tarin' an' er slashin';  
 Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.  
 Ole miss rid de black hoss,  
 En master rid de pony;  
 Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.  
 Dat little bit er pony  
 Whut dey call de Macaroni;  
 Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.

### REFRAIN:

Oh Loo, John, oh Loo;  
 Whar is dat hole dat de hog got thoo?

I rid him 'roun' de mountin',  
 Whilse de people wuz a' countin';



Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.  
His foot struck a rock, an'  
Hit jarred a loose a fountin';  
Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.  
Den he flew to de eas', an '  
He flew acrost de mountin';  
Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.  
Den he flew ouden sight  
En we drunk f'um de fountin';  
Oh Loo, John, oh Loo.

---

## A 'POSSUM SONG.

Jis' lissen, niggahs, lissen;  
I'se gwine to sing er song;  
Hit's gwine to be mos' monst'ous sweet,  
An' yit not monst'ous long.  
I'se gwine to sing er 'possum,  
An' some er Yaller Loo,  
An' mention dem big Georgy yams,  
Fur dey is yaller, too.

Den hear me; oh hear me,  
Chune de banjo high;  
Fur me an' Loo is livin'  
Away up in de sky.

W'en I comes in f'um huntin',  
'An brings dat file-tail beas',  
Dat Loo's de happyis' niggah gal,

Sence Knee-bud-neezer's feaſ'.  
She tek ole Mistoo 'Possum,  
En git down awn her knees,  
An' fix him clean en wholesome,  
Den hang him up to freeze.

Way 'long too-wads nex' evenin',  
'Bout early cannel light,  
You niggahs all come snoopin' roun'  
A'smellin' fur a bite,  
Kase Yaller Loo's done roas' im,  
Wid dem sweet, yaller yams,  
An' basted him, mer honeys,  
Wid de essence er de hams.

You's monst'ous frien'ly wid me,  
Kase he's persuadin', sho';  
But you has to smell him thoo de chinks,  
Fur I is shet de do'.  
When Loo and me's done wid 'im,  
An' cyarved him to de heart,  
Den tek he bones, en 'rastle  
Fur de lazy niggah's part.

---

#### HEAR DEM NIGGAHS SINGIN'.

I hear dem niggahs singin'  
De songs of long ago,  
An thoo my mem'ry's ringin'  
De tales I useter know—

Ringin', ringin',  
Like de songs de birds is singin'  
Whilse aroun' dar nestes wingin',  
Dey is singin' sof' an' low.

Mah soul is weepin', sighin',  
Fur de times dat's come an' gone,  
When de niggahs wuz a viein'  
Wid one 'nuther 'mong de cawn,  
Pullin', haulin',  
Jes' er singin' an' er bawlin',  
Er 'raslin' an' er fallin'  
An' er wishin' fur de hawn.

I'm monst'ous ole an' needy,  
An' trim'lin' on mah pins,  
An' I am prayin', yes, indeedy,  
Fur forgiveness fur mah sins.  
Prayin', prayin',  
Whilse de youngsters is er playin',  
An' axin' whilse I'm stayin'  
Fur de Lawd to let me in.

Do hear dat banjo th'ummin'—  
Ef I wuz young ergin  
I lay I'd be ermong um  
En furgittin' 'bout all sin.  
Th'ummin', th'ummin',  
Jis' hear dat banjo hummin'—  
Say, niggahs, I'se a' comin';  
Ole age ca' keep me in.

## SORRY FOR THE LORD.

I'm gittin' sorry fur you, Lawd,  
Indeed an' trufe, I am;  
De niggah wants so monst'ous much,  
Cep' Gilead an' de ba'm.  
Dey prays fur ev'rything dey needs,  
Dat work would bring 'em all,  
An' wants de fruit of all de 'arth,  
Jis' like befo' de fall.

I heard one niggah prayin', Lawd,  
His very level bes',  
Fur Christmas time de whole year 'roun'  
An' all de time a res';  
He axed to have de chicken roos'  
Down on de lowes' limb,  
An' turkeys jes' on top de fence,  
In easy reach er him.

Come stately steppin', oh, good Lawd,  
'Pon yo' lily-white steed,  
An' smash dem sassy niggahs down,  
An' bruise de sarpint's seed.  
Dey howls at you de livelong night,  
An' robs yo' of yo' sleep,  
'Kase dey's too lazy fur to sow,  
An' got no crap to reap.

## JUBE'S OLD YALLER DOG.

I'se been a-trav'lin' thoo dis vale  
Nigh on to eighty years,  
An' now my eyes is 'gun to fail  
Wid weepin' bittah tears.  
My po' ole wife is gonod above—  
De way I'se gwine to jog—  
An' all dat's left fur me to love  
Is dat ole yaller dog.

My chillun's scattered here an' thar,  
An' wouldn' know me now,  
But we will pass de gates ajar,  
At jedgment day, I 'low,  
An' while I make de 'stressful rounds  
Thoo all de damp an' fog,  
Of dese yar wearisome low grounds,  
I'se got dat yaller dog.

We'se hunted, many a livelong night,  
De 'possum an' de coon,  
An' cotch 'em by de silvah light  
Of many a southern moon.  
We'se built a blaze an' cooked de meat  
'Longside a big back-log,  
An' had some times mos' monst'ous sweet—  
Jis' me an' dat ole dog.

An' long as I is 'stayin' here  
I'se got one frien', I know;  
Ef I is po' de dog don't keer—

His head don't run on show.  
An' 'long as I is got a bite  
Er hominy an' hog,  
I'se gwine to 'vide—you jis' is right—  
Wid dat ole yaller dog.

---

### OLD CATO'S CREED.

I'se heard a monst'ous heap er talk  
'Bout th'ology an' creeds,  
But you hear me a'shoutin' now,  
Dar's nuthin' like good deeds.  
Jes' gimme sweet religion, please—  
I don't keer what's its name—  
De Methodis' or Babtis' kind  
Will save you, jes' de same.

I'm on my road to Heaven, sho',  
An' ain't got time to talk,  
Ef you is gwine 'long wid me  
You's got to walk de chalk;  
Ole Petah's standin' at de gate  
An' hit am wide ajar,  
But jes' a lettah f'um de church  
Won't take you in thoo dar.

He gwineter ax you, mighty close,  
All 'bout yo' daily walk,  
An' ef you holp de neighbor po'  
Wid sompen else but talk;

He gwine to sarch you, thoo an' thoo,  
An' sho' as you is bawn,  
Ef you ain't right, you'll wish that Gabe  
Had never blowed his hawn.

You'll see ole Mary shinin' dar,  
An' Paul an' Silas, too,  
An' Moses an' de other ones.  
De ship er Zion's crew;  
An' nary one will have a creed  
Ascep' de chas'enin' rod,  
An' all will sing a "hallalu"  
Aroun' de throne er God.

---

### SOME SINGIN'.

Dey talked so mighty monst'ous much  
About de white folks' singin'  
Up in de big high-steeple chu'ch  
Hit sot my y'ears a-ringin'.  
So up I goes an' tuck a seat  
Jis' whar de sexton p'inted,  
As 'umble dar, at Jesus' feet,  
As any onann'inted.

De ban' struck up, an' I declar'  
Hit nearly froze my livah,  
An' almos' raised my kinky ha'r  
An' made my marrer shivah.  
An' when de singin' started in,

Away up in de gal'ry,  
Hit sounded like a cotton-gin  
A-screekin' fur a sal'ry.

Dar warn't no soun' like "hallalu!"  
An' "Jerdan's stormy rivah,"  
"Char-i-o' swingin' low fur you."  
As evah I could 'skivah.  
Hit warn't de good, ole shoutin' songs  
We has at cullud preachin',  
Whar glory an' de love-feas' b'longs,  
Soul-sarchin' an' heart-reachin'.

---

### JULEY ANN.

Some say I'se cross an' cranky, too,  
An' mebbe dat I am,  
I'se had enough to worry thoo  
To aggervate a lamb.

I'se had nine chillun in my day,  
An' nary one is lef';  
Dey all was tuck an' kyard away,  
An' I'm here by myse'f.

Ole master died when I wuz grown,  
An' stated in his will,  
Dat I mus' be Miss Susie's own—  
Me an' de water-mill.



My chillun, dey wuz lotted out—  
An' mind you, 'fo' dey's bawn,  
Fur I wuz healthy, strong and stout,  
An' sho' as las' year's cawn.

De fus' wuz 'Tom, dey tuck him when  
He jis' wuz fo' year old.  
An' foll'rin' him wuz little Ben  
An' den my Jane wuz sold,

An' Lu an' Bob and Tip an' Jim—  
An' Sam, my crippled son,  
Dey even mosied off wid him,  
An' lef' me nary one.

Dem chillun's scattered ever'whar,  
An' dunno who dey is,  
But dey will know me ovah dar  
When jedgment's sun is riz.

I may 'pear monst'ous cross an' ill,  
But Heaven knows I b'ar  
No spite, er hate, er 'vengeful will  
To block my way up dar.

---

#### EPHRUM'S BANJO SONG.

Ole Marster's got er long-tail coat,  
Likewise some striped pants;  
Dis niggah's sholy gwine to w'ar  
Dem good cloes to de dance.

I'se gwine ter tek dat yaller gal  
Dat come here fum de south;  
Dat one wid ha'r dat kinks so tight,  
She can't shet up her mouth.

I'se got er slim, ole yaller dog—  
All he kin do is eat.  
I gwine to sell dat yaller dog,  
To git him some mo' meat.

De ole singe cat, she yowl eroun'—  
I killed her wid er whack,  
An', blame my skeets! here come dat cat,  
De nex' day, yowlin', back.

Ole Mist, she raised er turkey-hen,  
An' den she turned her loose—  
One day dat hen comes struttin' back  
Pertendin' she's er goose.

I ain't er gwine to sing no mo'  
Of dis yer song, right now,  
Kase some folks say, right up, dat dey  
Doan like it anyhow.

Yit, I is mos'ly seen dat folks  
Whut's allers flingin' rocks  
Is dem dat can't do nuthing 't all  
'Cep kicks, an' roasts, an' knocks.

## FURDER DEN HIT USETER BE.

De years rolls eroun' heap faster den da did  
W'en I wuz a caperin' sa-gash-i-a-tin kid.  
'Peared lak, to me, dat Christmus-time wuz slow  
Gittin' 'roun' ergin, but mighty fas' to go.  
De nights wuz so short an' de days wuz so long  
Dat I wisht hit wuzzen so, en wisht hit strong.  
Settin' up tell day wuz jis er chunk er fun,  
An' fi' mile, to see er gal, wuz nothin' uv er run.  
'Tain't datter way now, ef you hearken unto me:  
Hit's a mighty heap furder den hit uster be.

Yes! sir-ee!

Hit's er monst's sight furder den hit useter be.

Seemed like er Sunday wuz er tryin' short day,  
An' Monday come er jumpin, lak hit had'n ben erway;  
But de sun shined bright, an' de birds, da sung,  
Tell da made de worl' happy, an' de woods jis rung  
Wid de laughin' of de niggahs, w'en we fines ole Coon  
An' sly Mistoo Possum, by de light of de moon.  
Now de gals goes er whoopin'; right by de ole man,  
Jes lak he warnt er standin' on top er de lan',  
An' fum anywhar to yander, re'ly, 'pear lak, to me,  
Hit's a mighty heap furder den hit uster be.

Yes! sir-ee!

Hit's er monst's sight furder den hit useter be.





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